

The SIGN



National Catholic Magazine



- Where the Skies Rain Death *Arnold Lunn*
The Hills O' Cruach Gorm *Seumas Mac Manus*
Lessons Written in Blood *John F. Cronin*
America Looks Southward *James A. Magner*
The New Deal and the Press *John C. O'Brien*

December 1940

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THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

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Cover Drawing "The Nativity" by Mario Barberis

EDITORIAL

ON EARTH PEACE



THE Gospel passage in which St. Luke describes the birth of Christ is one of the most beautiful and touching in all sacred or profane literature. Down through the centuries of the Christian era, this simple and artless account of Christ's Nativity has stirred the minds and hearts of the faithful. Even agnostics have been moved by the simple majesty of the Evangelist's narrative. No paraphrase can do it justice. We reproduce it in full on the opposite page in the hope that our readers will peruse it in prayerful and meditative silence as a preparation for a truly spiritual celebration of Christmas.

Christmas with its spirit of peace and good will seems an anomaly in this world of warring nations. If, on this Christmas night, the angelic hosts were to appear in the heavens as they did on the night of Christ's birth, proclaiming "on earth peace to men of good will," their voices would be drowned in many lands by the siren of air raids, the thunder of artillery, the tramp of marching feet, the screams of women and children, and by the wails of mothers who, like Rachel, mourn their children and refuse to be comforted.

Instead of drawing nearer to the Christ Child and the spirit of peace and brotherhood He came on earth to proclaim, the world is turning more and more to the pagan principle that might makes right. The Christian world seems to be toppling down upon our heads. Europe is on the threshold of a new iron age. Rights and duties sanctioned by centuries of Christian usage are being challenged; moral and religious principles which have served as the foundation stone of European civilization are being discarded; new forces have arisen that would destroy the fruit of centuries of Christian civilization in order to build a new European and world order.

In the face of the present world situation the Catholic's thoughts turn instinctively to other periods of crisis. In the fourth century, scarcely a hundred years after the Church had emerged from the catacombs, the Goths captured and pillaged Rome. It is difficult now to understand the consternation this caused in the Christian world. Many thought that Rome, like the Church, was imperishable. On receipt of the calamitous news, St. Jerome wrote to a friend: "My voice cleaves to my throat; sobs stifle the words which I dictate . . . In the destruction of one city all the world has perished."

If at any time Christian peace seemed hopeless and visionary, it was in those days of the barbarian inroads. Yet St. Augustine never lost hope or courage. While refugees poured into Africa from a pillaged Rome, and later while the Vandals overran his own Africa with fire and sword, Augustine preached tirelessly of peace. At the mere mention of the word "peace," a sigh of longing and then cheers and exclamations arose from his auditors. "What exultation there has been among you!" St. Augustine declared when silence reigned again. "It pleases me immensely when the love of peace cries out from your hearts. But how is it that you were so delighted? I had said not a word. I had expounded nothing. I merely pronounced the text and you uttered a cry. Ah, with how much beauty has not the idea of peace smitten your hearts! This peace, the very name of which you so love and cherish, go after it, desire it, love it in your homes, in your wives, in your children, in your servants, in your friends, in your enemies."

THAT same longing for peace should fill our hearts, especially at the approach of Christmas. However anomalous it may seem in this day, the angels' message "on earth peace to men of good will" is for us as well as for the shepherds. It is not within our power to restore peace to warring nations but it is possible for us to establish it in our own souls, the one place where peace must first reign if it is to spread over the world. It is peace in the impregnable fortresses of our own hearts, peace with God and with our fellowmen, that is the ultimate hope of peace in the world outside. Peace in the millions of hearts that make up a nation means peace in the nation and peace in the world.

We Catholics should never give way to cynicism or despair. Relying on God's promise of "peace to men of good will," we should face the future with hope and courage. A knowledge of the past teaches us that peace follows strife as inevitably as calm succeeds the storm, and that even the blackest clouds reflect the rainbow—God's reminder of His covenant of peace with men.

Father Theophane Maguire, S.J.

The Message of Christmas

AND it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled.

This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria.

And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David.

To be enrolled with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child.

And it came to pass that when they were there her days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock.

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear.

And the angel said to them: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people;

"For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

"And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us."

And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger.

And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child.

And all that heard, wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them. (Luke 2, 1-20)



Personal MENTION

• SEUMAS MACMANUS is an Irish story teller. He is well known as the author of *Dark Patrick*, *The Well o' the World's End*, and other books of tales.

Mr. MacManus spent his boyhood tending sheep and cattle and attending a mountain school by day—but his nights were spent going from cottage to cottage listening to the stories and fables and songs and poems of Irish folklore. At the early age of seven he himself became a *shanachie*, a teller of tales, and this, he modestly assures us, he remains to the present day. His story in this issue, *The Hills o' Cruach Gorm*, must surely be from among his loveliest tales.

• OUT of bomb-ridden London comes an old friend to bring to the readers of THE SIGN a firsthand story of Nazi bombs over England. ARNOLD LUNN needs no introduction to THE SIGN readers. An outstanding man of letters in his native England, his fame is becoming increasingly great in other lands. Among his books are *The Flight From Reason*, *A Saint in the Slave Trade*, *Now I See*,—the story of his conversion—and his latest, *Whither Europe?*

His current article, *Where the Skies Rain Death*, is a humanly-written account of the reaction of the English people to Nazi bombs. It is a whimsical, yet moving story that Mr. Lunn tells.

• NO STRANGER to our readers is the REV. JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S., of St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. His present article, *Lessons Written in Blood*, poses the

great questions facing the American people as a result of the wars in other countries. In this and in subsequent articles, Father Cronin endeavors to answer these questions—and we believe he succeeds admirably.

• A WELCOME newcomer to THE SIGN pages is LOUCILLE DOWD GILES. Her story, *"And They Came Bearing Gifts,"* has caught some of the elusively beautiful Christmas spirit and will bring it right to the reader's heart.

Mrs. Dowd is a versatile person with a delightful sense of humor. In the biography she sent to us she tells us that her early life was spent on a Nebraska farm. Her college work was taken "piece-meal B.B." (between babies). Three growing children keep her busy—but not even two girls and a boy are enough to keep this energetic person occupied. She is an architect—and at one time in her busy life she took time out to design and supervise the construction of her husband's Dental Medical Clinic. With these accomplishments to her credit, she naïvely confesses that she is best as a piemaker and a seamstress. To round out an active life she is now engaged in writing a novel.

• REV. JAMES A. MAGNER, PH.D., S.T.D., a long-time student and expert on South American relations, returns to our pages with a timely article, *America Looks Southward*. Dr. Magner discusses and points out the importance and necessity of amicable Pan-American relations: a question of prime importance in view of the policies of our present Administration.



Seumas MacManus



Arnold Lunn



Loucille Dowd Giles



Current FACT AND COMMENT

THE editors extend a sincere wish of Christmas blessings and joy to each of their friends, the readers of THE SIGN. We know that you are one with us in our senti-

Our Christmas Wishes to You

ments of deep gratitude that God's mysterious Providence has singled us out, amongst this world's folk, to be sharers in His gift of Faith; that we are, furthermore, included in that remnant of the human race which still possesses the peace inaugurated by the Saviour of mankind. This is a somber reflection, not intended to jar the cheer and merriment of your Christmas holiday. We merely seek to direct your gladness to the deeper meaning of Christmas, that the warmth of your hearts, enkindled by your Christmas happiness, may be extended to the darksome places on our earth, where Bethlehem has been forgotten.

Our Christmas wishes are inspired also by the practical consideration that we are in debt to you, our readers. We are earnest in our desire and effort to give Catholics a magazine that is a timely interpreter of national and international events, and a source of genuine Catholic thought. We thank you for your loyal co-operation, without which we could not fulfill our object.

Not for ourselves alone, but in the name of our missionaries in China, do we say "Happy Christmas." You are the chief support of their endeavors to bring the blessings of the Catholic Faith to the pagan Chinese. The mail service between here and Hunan, never too rapid, is doubly slow by reason of the war. Many a Christmas greeting from a priest or Sister in China, addressed to friends whose acquaintance they have made through the medium of THE SIGN, will be delayed; perhaps lost. Therefore, we convey to the benefactors and friends of our China missionaries the assurance of their grateful remembrance during this holy season, with sincere wishes for a blessed New Year.

Now that the election is over and we are granted surcease for another four years from the more blatant manifestations of partisan politics, we should turn our attention to the pressing

Public Opinion and Foreign Affairs

problems that await solution. Many weighty decisions on foreign policy have been delayed by the uncertainties and the political exigencies of the months of campaigning. Now a course must be mapped out and followed if the United States is to keep step with the fast-moving political, diplomatic, and military developments in Europe and the Far East. Few if any Presidents have ever faced so great a responsibility as awaits Mr. Roosevelt at the threshold of his new term of office.

But let us not be deceived into thinking that the responsibility is the President's alone or that of a group of "specialists" in foreign affairs. Ultimate responsibility lies with the American people. In a democracy it is impossible for a government to pursue successfully a course of action in important matters of domestic or foreign policy without the support of popular opinion. The Baldwin Government in England knew that it was leaning on a broken reed in depending on collective security for national defense, but a straw vote showed that the English people overwhelmingly favored collective security, and the Government knew it would be swept out of office if it followed any other course. The experience of the French Government was the same in the years preceding the war. A well-informed public opinion would have saved both France and Britain from many of the evils that have befallen them. Our Government is more stable and less sensitive to the ebb and flow of popular opinion, but it is nonetheless true that it must ultimately take the course which has the approval of the people.

For this reason, it is essential that we should have widespread understanding and discussion of the problems that confront us. Insofar as it can be done without betraying military or diplomatic secrets, the Government should keep the American public thoroughly informed on the international situation. There should be intelligent and non-partisan discussion, in private and in public, on the radio and in the press, of the pros and cons of every important problem that we face. By this means only, will the Government receive the support which it needs from an intelligent and well-informed public opinion.

CERTAINLY there is no dearth of problems facing us in the matter of our foreign policy. Chief among these problems is that of our relations with England. How

Problems That Face Us

far should we go in the matter of giving help to that beleaguered country? There are plenty of indications that England is going to be in ever-increasing need of help from this side of the ocean. Continued destruction by Nazi bombers means that she will have to depend more and more on American industrial production. A tightening of the blockade by German U-boats means that she will need more of our war vessels to protect her shipping. If English reserves in this country threaten to become exhausted by heavy war purchases, she will certainly call on us to abrogate the Johnson Act, which forbids loans to past defaulters. If merchant ships under the British flag continue to be sunk at the present alarming rate, England will un-

doubtedly seek to have us abolish the "carry" provision of the Neutrality Act.

These are some of the problems that must be solved by the American people. The sooner we know what course we should follow, the better it will be. Many of the successes of the dictators have been due to the fact that they have always been a step ahead of the democracies in employing the element of surprise and in keeping the initiative. If we are not to be taken unawares, we must determine our goal and the most effective means of attaining it and then go forward, whatever the obstacles. And in making our decisions we should do so without concern for either the threats or cajolings of the totalitarian states. They hate us as much as they hate Britain, and no act or omission on our part would have the slightest effect in deterring them from warlike measures against us if they thought they could succeed.

CHRISTMAS time is here with an unusually large number of contradictions. The Child of Peace is coming to a world of war, the God of Love to a world of hate. The

Christmas Gifts and Cards

Christ Child is coming to a Christian world that, to a great extent, has forgotten the Christ, to a world that calls itself Christian but guides its conduct for the most part by principles that are anything but Christian.

Among the lesser anomalies are the pagan Christmas cards and the "swapping" of gifts. It is difficult to understand what relation a couple of Scottie dogs or a snow scene with sleigh and bells have to the Nativity—yet many of our Catholics go out of their way to have cards made up with these and similar designs. The sublime conception of the Immaculate Mother of God cradling her Infant in her arms seems passé.

We can be constructively Christian in our Christmas giving. The Christ Child came to earth in order to save all men. There is no finer way to observe the Birthday of the Infant Saviour than by co-operating in a very practical way with those who are actively engaged in bringing the saving Gospel of Christ to pagan lands.

You will find a splendid, Catholic solution to your shopping problem in the Christmas subscription list enclosed in this month's issue of THE SIGN. You can give no finer gift to your friends than a subscription to this magazine. Not once, but twelve times, will this gift renew itself during the coming year. You will give your friends a literary treat. Each month they will receive THE SIGN with its excellent variety of interesting, timely articles written from a Catholic viewpoint by experts.

THE centenary of the birth of one of the most notable of American converts, Father Fidelis Kent Stone, occurs this year and should not pass without notice.

Father Fidelis Kent Stone

Father Fidelis was the son of Dr. John Seely Stone, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Massachusetts, who was described by Daniel Webster, a parishioner, as the leading preacher of his day. Before his entrance into the Church, Father Fidelis was known as James Kent Stone.

After receiving degrees at Harvard, and following further study in Germany and Italy, he served as a lieutenant in the Civil War. At twenty-seven, he was appointed president of Kenyon College, Ohio. The following year, he accepted a call to the presidency of Hobart College. Meanwhile, he had married and three daughters had been born. His young wife died before he had completed his first year at Hobart.

It was during this year also that he became convinced that authentic Christianity could be found only in the Catholic Church. Bishop Coxe and those at Hobart were stunned when he offered his resignation. When asked to defer his step until after the impending Episcopal Convention, he agreed to do so on condition that the Convention permit him to set forth in public assembly the claims of the Catholic Church. In his *Apologia, The Invitation Heeded*, later called *An Awakening and What Followed*, he declared that Protestantism was an inadmissible compromise between Rationalism and Catholicism.

After a brief association with the Paulists, the memory of whose companionship he always cherished, he fulfilled a long-existing desire to belong to a monastic community by joining the Passionists.

Even in his twenties, his fame as a preacher was widespread. Once he had entered the Church, he was regarded by many as the most outstanding pulpit orator in the country. His Order elected him to its highest offices. He was chosen also to establish monasteries of the community in North and South America. The *Harvard Graduate Magazine* wrote of him in 1921, the year of his death: "His Church found his services invaluable and would have rewarded him with her honors, but these he modestly declined. His life was useful as are many lives, but it was beautiful to a degree that few lives can equal. Those who were for awhile his mates of '60 render their homage to a truly great and pure man."

DURING the week of October 21, the Archdiocese of Chicago was host to the first National Liturgical Congress to be held in the United States. Under the

First National Liturgical Congress

inspiring leadership of the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, the Congress proved an outstanding success and marked a definite step forward in practical Catholic Action.

It is strange that this late date should see the inauguration of a National Liturgical Congress. The liturgy always has been an integral part of Catholic life. As Archbishop Stritch so well said: "The study and application of the liturgy in all its various phases is basic for real Catholic Action." Now that such an intense interest in the liturgy has been aroused among the laity, we may look forward confidently to a corresponding increase in Catholic Action.

With over twelve hundred delegates at the Congress, seven hundred from Chicago alone, the liturgical movement gives promise of gaining its rightful place in American Catholic life. To Archbishop Stritch and his devoted and zealous priests, all praise and congratulations on the signal success of this first Liturgical Congress. To them as pioneers in this great revival is due the gratitude of American Catholics.

America Looks Southward

By JAMES A. MAGNER



Captain Van Natta of the United States Army explains maneuvers at Fort Knox to Latin-American Army chiefs

AMONG the tangible results of the re-election of President Roosevelt, so far as foreign policies are concerned, will be the definite intensification of the stand of the "Good Neighbor." More concretely, under the objective of the solidarity of the Western Hemisphere, it will be the purpose of the Roosevelt Administration to convince Latin America that, whatever may be the commercial and cultural advantages offered by the Axis Powers, they can in no way compare with those offered by the family idea of North and South America, or with the gains to be derived by tying in with the way of life and the destinies of the United States.

With considerable foresight, it must be admitted, from the beginning of his terms of office Mr. Roosevelt has given intelligent study to the entire problem. His early visit to South America, plus the important personal contacts he made at that time, his later pledges of friendship on the basis of equality, and his efforts through Secretary Hull to promote better trade relationships, have not been without fruit. The Lima Conference, as well as the declarations of Panama, has clearly shown that something positive has been accomplished. And while it is too much to say that all differences have been ironed out, the wars in Europe and Asia have certainly gone a long way toward creating certain common attitudes and powerful

popular interests that have hastened the processes of unification in the Americas.

As if the arguments of geographic and political proximity were not enough, the United States has swung its safety zone out into the Atlantic by negotiating important naval bases with Great Britain. There can be no doubt that it now intends to step down into the southern seas and throw its protective mantle over the approaches to Latin America by securing strategic military and commercial points all the way down the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines. This will be done with the co-operation of the Latin-American countries concerned in the plan of continental defense. It appears that preliminary negotiations have already been made for vantage points in Mexico, possibly in the neighborhood of Acapulco on the west and of Yucatan on the east. Chile has recently revealed its projects of a large naval drydock at Valparaiso. Uruguay is planning an extensive airfield near Punta del Este. The eyes of naval experts have been directed also toward the mouths of the Amazon and of the River Plate.

It is, of course, natural that this general move should be regarded with suspicion and hostility by Latin-American elements which still see Uncle Sam smoothly playing the game of imperialism and encroachment. Argentina still turns a cold shoulder to the proposition as en-

tirely superfluous in view of her present military equipment and requirements. In all cases it is agreed, as a minimum, that whatever bases are established should be open alike for the benefit of all American nations without distinction. The United States might be called upon to supply a large share of financial assistance for these projects, but the direction of the work will have to be shown as primarily benefiting the local nations and in no way impairing their sovereignty or control.

Nevertheless, the Washington government does not intend that the future of this new solidarity should be left to the realm of mere talk and expressions of good will over the conference tables. Partly with the idea of continuing negotiations along these lines, and partly with the purpose of impressing Latin Americans with our military might, contingents of high-ranking officers from these countries have been invited to visit the United States and during the past months have been taken on tours of inspection to witness for themselves the extent of military defense and of defense industries in this country.

To attune Latin-American sentiments of good will into a permanent program of solidarity and co-operation with the United States, as well as to offset the cultural influences of Nazi and Fascist propaganda, a program of cultural action has been launched from Washington with an

initial appropriation of \$3,000,000 from the President's special defense fund. Nelson A. Rockefeller, one of the President's six administrative assistants, has been named Co-ordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations between the American Republics; a campaign utilizing the press, radio, and motion pictures has been set up to develop cordial attitudes in Latin America toward what the United States has to offer.

At the same time, several private enterprises are tying into the program with various bills of sale. Thus the Crosley Corporation has recently inaugurated at Cincinnati a powerful short-wave station for regular broadcast service in Spanish and Portuguese. During the past summer, numerous seminars were conducted by leaders from the United States to different points in Latin America and with widely different points of view. The press has been taxing its capacity with books on various phases of the question, and a host of periodicals has appeared explicitly for articles on Latin-American affairs.

One very important factor, however, in the development of cordial relationships has been forgotten or deliberately shelved. The governmental agencies of the United States, as well as private groups and individuals concerned, do not seem to be working with the realization that the Latin-American countries, even those in which the Catholic Church has been placed under disabilities, are profoundly Catholic in cultural backgrounds and sensibilities. To ignore this fact may well defeat the purposes of the entire program of inter-American solidarity and may end in the same bungling processes that have caused so much harm in the past. It is interesting to note that, at the present time, only one Catholic is included on the American Republics Commission under Rockefeller. In fact, the entire State Department as related to Latin America is deficient in Catholic personnel. Not that persons should be appointed to official posts because of their religion; but if effective work is the objective, it would seem that persons should be chosen for their ability to appreciate and sympathize with the cultural and religious values of the field in which they are working.

Part of the failure to meet these

facts in the past has been due to a belief in certain sectors that the backwardness in many of the Latin-American countries has been the result of Catholic influences. The action taken as a consequence has left Catholics in these nations under the impression that co-operation of the United States means Protestant, Yankee Imperialism and that Pan-Americanism is simply a cultural cloak for the same thing. As a matter of fact, Latin Americans have become rather sick of our "good will" gestures, although they are ready to understand constructive overtures which are not insulting to the things they hold dear.

ON THE other hand, it is senseless for Catholics in the United States to complain if their services in cultural relationships with Latin America are not enlisted, unless they are prepared by their own initiative in this field. There is a growing realization of this point, and Catholic interest is beginning to take tangible and significant forms. With evidences of approval from the Department of State, the Catholic Historical Association devoted its entire last convention to a study of the contributions of the Catholic Church to the cultural and spiritual life of Latin America since the era of independence. These papers have been appearing in the official publication of the Association, the *Catholic Historical Review*. The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., has been giving particular study to the problems involved and, besides sending the Rev. Dr. Edwin Ryan and Dr. Martin McGuire on a tour of South America during the past summer to arrange for exchange students and other facilities in Catholic projects, has inaugurated the Institute of Ibero-American Studies to promote and co-ordinate scholarly research into Latin-American affairs.

Other Catholic organizations have shown similar interest. For some time the Catholic Association for International Peace has issued literature and conducted round tables on Latin-American affairs. The international Catholic students' organization, Pax Romana, is likewise devoting special attention to Latin America and will hold its general reunion next summer in Bogota, Colombia. During the past summer, the pres-

ent writer conducted a seminar in Mexico with the co-operation of Mexican Catholic writers and leaders, with such satisfactory results that the seminar will be repeated next summer and take shape as part of the program of an Inter-American Cultural Service.

It is not enough, however, for Catholics of the United States to improve their understanding of Latin America or wave cultural inducements before the eyes of the latter. It is equally important that Latin-American Catholics get a correct and adequate conception of their brethren above the Rio Grande and of the general American picture. In the past, South America has been much closer culturally to Europe than it has been to the United States, and very few Catholic publications and periodicals of our country have filtered down through the countries to the south. Moreover, it is important that Catholics of the Western Hemisphere join in the general program of the development of cordial relations with the object of raising cultural, humanitarian, and spiritual levels everywhere. It would be a mistake to allow Catholic activities to become simply a pawn of political and commercial interests or to become identified as such with any scheme of material aggrandizement.

The fact is that intelligent Catholic activity can function under various national and international patterns, provided it is given the freedom to do so. There is no reason why Catholics should indulge the thought that the peace and security of the Western Hemisphere require the United States to gobble up its good neighbors, to abridge their sovereignty, or to meddle in their internal affairs. American Catholics can do a great deal in promoting inter-American confidence precisely by insisting upon this point and by entrenching themselves in an insistence upon certain fundamental Christian principles rather than by being drawn into any political alliance.

An example of this appears in the outcome of the recent Presidential elections in Mexico. The Catholics of Mexico, it would appear, welcomed the opportunity of the promised free elections; and the vote for the independent candidate, Juan Andreu Almazan, was so strong that

there are good reasons for believing that he, and not the "officially" declared President, Manuel Avila Camacho, secured the plurality. Almazan has declared that he owes it to the Mexican people to assume the office they gave him by their vote, to begin on December 1, even though this may mean civil war. Meanwhile, Avila Camacho has attempted to placate public opinion by asserting that he himself is a Catholic and will assure the Church of its rights.

Under the circumstances, the Mexican people are free to pursue whatever course seems best to them; and Catholics in the United States may favor whichever side seems to embody the greater measure of justice. It would be a great mistake, however, for Catholics as such to align themselves in political body on one side or the other, and an even greater mistake to demand interference by the government of the United States. Our task is rather to understand the underlying issues and to advocate insistently the freedom of Catholic activity and of the rights of all.

It must be realized increasingly that the development of genuine inter-American solidarity is not going to proceed from dictation by the United States, nor from the extension of our military outposts, nor from a sympathetic attitude of any groups in particular. Dictation will simply increase hostility. Military expansion by itself may well give rise to the suspicion that the United States is getting ready to defend the world from the planet Mars; and sympathy by itself can end in ridiculous gesturing or dangerous meddling.

The real work of inter-American solidarity must be shared by all the nations alike and show itself in internal organization and maturity as well as in international relationships. Thus it is impossible to speak of solidarity between Mexico and the United States until Mexico has stabilized itself and made up its own mind on such problems as religious freedom, land, the nature of private property, the petroleum expropriations, and sound financing. Until this is done, the relationships of the two countries will consist largely in threats and defiance. It is likewise impossible to speak of reciprocal relationships with Argentina, much less to ask that country

to break absolutely with the promises of the Axis Powers, until the problem of trade exchange, upon which the national life of Argentina depends, has been ironed out.

As a step in sustaining the capitalist as against the barter system of international trade and in developing an inter-American economy, the United States government has recently made available an additional loan through the Export-Import Bank of one-half billion dollars for use in the Western Hemisphere; and Warren Lee Pierson, president of the bank, has recently returned from a tour of Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru. In spite of various difficulties, a credit of \$20,000,000 has been placed at the disposal of Argentina for the purchase of machinery and industrial materials. An equal sum has been loaned to Brazil within the last few weeks to help finance a steel plant.

OF EQUAL, possibly of greater importance, however, has been the progress made in the last two months toward linking the Latin-American nations themselves in closer economic exchange. Thus Argentina and Brazil have agreed upon the principle of the exchange of their surpluses which have been piling up as a result of world conditions. A plan has been proposed also whereby the development of new industries in either country will be protected against the raising of tariff barriers in the other. It may be noted that the tariff rates of the United States are still a sore matter with these countries, which maintain that loans and credits are of small use unless the United States opens itself still further as a market for their surplus products.

Apparently this initial agreement has served as a model for other developments. In the middle of October, the Argentine Minister of Agriculture held a series of discussions in Santiago, Chile, to promote trade relations. About the same time, President Getulio Vargas of Brazil proposed a conference of the Amazon nations, including Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, "to reach an accord whereby expansion of our activities in a full spirit of solidarity is achieved practically." The United States, he felt, might also be invited "in view of its interest as a great consumer mar-

ket." This entire development seems to be a logical and healthy one, inasmuch as it can handle the delicate problem of surpluses by opening various channels, instead of dumping everything on our doorsteps. At the same time, it should still allow for a normal exchange between Latin-American nations or groups and the United States.

All of this indicates that the Western Hemisphere is girding itself for what may well be a new world order. In many ways, the political problems of Latin America remain the same as they have been in past decades, although now with new labels; but the fact remains that political agitation nearly everywhere today has some important relationship to foreign policy and to foreign alliances. There is a good deal of Nazi, Fascist, and Communist activity throughout Latin America, and of a character which the respective governments are taking cognizance of. Clashes between Nazi groups and members of *Accion Argentina* have been frequent in various sections of Argentina. Uruguay has felt itself the unwilling center of Nazi plots. In Mexico, Avila Camacho has been pledged to inaugurate "concrete, progressive action against Communism," and in Chile, President Pedro Aguirre has warned all soldiers, sailors, and airmen against a Red militia. At the same time, the President of El Salvador, General Maximiliano Martinez, to dispel suspicions of pro-Axis sympathies, has lauded the institutions of North America, and described the difference between democracy and dictatorship as that between "light" and "darkness." These are but a few of many instances.

In normal times, these gestures might be taken as political distractions, and, to a large extent, they still share this character. Nevertheless, behind all the big talk there is an important element of serious realization; and, in spite of the many differences, there is a growing sense of solidarity among the nations of the Americas. If these new relationships can be based on something more profound than the dollar or the peso sign and come right down to a realization of the rights of man and of the dignity and responsibilities of nations under God, then something truly great may be accomplished. At least the effort is worth while.



President Roosevelt, photographed with reporters at a press conference in the White House

Harris & Ewing

The New Deal and the Press

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

ONCE again the American press is on the carpet. Immediately following President Roosevelt's victory on November 5, eminent New Dealers, returning to the attack, rebuked the newspapers for their behavior during the campaign. The gist of the complaint was that the majority of the dailies had espoused the cause of the losing candidate, thus, according to the New Deal view, raising the question whether the American press was really free. Had not the newspapers betrayed their readers and succumbed to the pressure of an economic class—the class upon whom they depend for their advertising revenues? Had they not enhanced one side of the campaign and suppressed the other? Had they not permitted slanders to be printed about the President and his family?

New Dealers have voiced their disapproval of the press again and

again, but never with the vehemence that marked this outburst.

Jibes at the newspapers have studded President Roosevelt's press conferences and public utterances throughout his two terms—more frequently in the last two years. Opening his 1940 campaign in Philadelphia, he implied that a large segment of the press was unfair. He stressed by way of contrast the freedom of the radio.

"That is why I cannot bring myself to believe," he said—having just pointed out that dictators were able to employ the technique of propaganda successfully only because they controlled press and radio—"that is why I cannot bring myself to believe that in a democracy like ours, where the radio and a part of the press remain open to both sides, repetition of deliberate misstatements will ever prevail."

At the first opportunity after the

election—his press conference—the President again chided the newspapers, this time for attributing reports to false (as he thought) sources. Singling out a report in one of the great New York dailies and a report by one of the international press associations, he stated flatly that they did not emanate from the sources named, in one case "inner New Deal circles" and in the other "high officials of the British government." Those stories, the President insisted, were written in the offices of the newspaper and of the press association.

To the charge that the press was unfair in reporting the election, the President thus added the accusation that its news was in some instances inaccurate, if not downright fabrication.

Indicative of the President's mistrust of certain newspapers and certain news writers was another incident at the same press conference. A Washington columnist, whose writings are frequently critical of the New Deal, was informed by a Secret Service agent that he would not be permitted to attend. A White House Secretary promptly rescinded the ban but requested that the columnist stay behind after the conference and talk to the President. The columnist reported after the interview that he carried away the impression that he was to be barred in the future because of what were considered "inaccuracies" in his column. Subsequently, assurance that such was not the case was given by a White House Secretary, who said that the columnist must have misunderstood the President's attitude.

The question of whether the press is free or controlled is not now arising for the first time. It has been debated for years. Friction between Presidents and the newspapers is as old as the Republic. The present criticism by the New Dealers merits attention, however, because of the world trend toward dictatorship. Wherever dictators have arisen, freedom of the press has disappeared. Control of all the mediums of communication has passed to the political authority in dictator states, and the people are permitted to read and to hear only what the dictators want them to read and hear. In view of what has happened elsewhere, it is pertinent to inquire whether the American press is to be curbed.

As to the President's complaint that a large part of the press was partial in the recent campaign, that is an opinion with which many will agree and others will disagree. The press cannot reasonably object to the President expressing an opinion. The press is not above criticism, al-



Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes, outspoken critic of the press

though it sometimes acts as though it were.

Mr. Roosevelt's accusation that newspaper reports are sometimes inaccurate, no reader of newspapers would dispute. A few inaccuracies are deliberate; some are the result of careless reporting; many are printed in good faith. Any criticism that reminds publishers and writers of news of their duty to present the news honestly and accurately should be welcomed.

Moreover, the exclusion from his press conferences of a reporter whom he judges guilty of willful inaccuracies is a prerogative no one would deny the President. Other Presidents have exercised the right to answer only those questions they chose to answer, requiring correspondents to submit their queries in writing, and stipulating that if the question went unanswered no mention was to be made of it. For six months President Hoover denied himself to correspondents altogether—held no press conferences. President Roosevelt has permitted press

representatives the widest latitude in their quest for information.

In a wholly different category, however, are views expressed by Harold L. Ickes, the President's querulous Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Ickes has been an energetic critic of the press. Publishers fly into a rage at the mere mention of a book in which he recently assailed newspaper control and editorial policy—*The House of Lords*. Mr. Ickes may not speak for the Administration, but his views are worth examining because he reflects a point of view that appears to be widely held in official Washington.

At his own press conference, held two days after the election, Mr. Ickes reminded correspondents—quoting *Editor and Publisher*, a newspaper trade organ, as his authority—that less than twenty-three per cent of the daily newspapers had supported President Roosevelt in the recent campaign, as compared with thirty-six per cent four years ago and forty per cent in 1940.

"This reveals an unprecedented and progressively perilous situation requiring public consideration," Mr. Ickes declared. "Although we are fortunate in having free communication over the air, I am convinced that our democracy needs, more than ever before, a truly free press that represents no class or economic group, and that will regain the confidence of our citizens because it is worthy of winning that confidence."

In subsequent debate with a correspondent, Mr. Ickes made two other points:

(1) He questioned whether a publisher should print an attack upon the President and the President's family by a contributing columnist, contending that the publisher could not take refuge behind the excuse that the columnist's views are not the publisher's. "They are the views the publisher wants or he wouldn't pay for them," Mr. Ickes said.

(2) A newspaper should represent its readers—"the views of its readers because they are a newspaper's constituency, just as voters in a Congressional district are the constituency of the Congressman."

Mr. Ickes' first point—that the fact that a majority of the daily newspapers backed Wendell L. Willkie is an "unprecedented and perilous situation"—raises the question

whether a free press has the right to back a candidate of its own choice.

Does not the fact that a majority of the newspapers decided to support the candidate opposing the Administration in power itself proclaim the freedom of the American press? In a dictatorship, it could not happen. The press in a dictator state as one voice would support the dictator. It would have no choice. Whether the American press chose wisely, whether it was influenced by its advertisers, is beside the point in any debate where the question is the freedom of the press. To the extent that the publishers responded to the coercion, expressed or divined, of the advertisers, the press was not free. But pressure from advertisers hardly explains the support of the Republican candidate by great newspapers which deserted Mr. Roosevelt this year after having supported him in his first two campaigns—papers like the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, for example, which had never before supported a Republican candidate. Mr. Ickes overlooks the fact that the opposition of many papers was to the third term, not to Mr. Roosevelt personally. And in any case, if the publisher is not to choose the candidate his paper will support, whom would



Lowell Mellett. Much government news is now channeled through his office

Mr. Ickes have make such a choice?

Distortion or coloring of news, enhancing one side of a campaign and suppressing the other in the presen-

tation of news, aside from editorial expression, is a different matter. That fault could be found with some newspapers on this score cannot be denied. Some of the worst offenders were the newspapers which supported Mr. Roosevelt. The great newspapers, on the whole, were scrupulously impartial in allocating equal space to the two candidates, although favored position may have been given to the candidate of their choice when news value was approximately equal. Readers of a paper would be perfectly well aware of such practice, and would hardly be deceived by it, especially when the editorial policy of the paper clearly indicates its choice.

As to Mr. Ickes' second point—that a publisher should not print the contribution of a columnist with whose views he does not agree—if that rule should be adopted what would become of the freedom of the press? Does Mr. Ickes mean to say that the publishers should not print his indictment of the newspapers because they happen not to agree with it? A great many people may believe with Mr. Ickes that some of the attacks on the President and his family were unfair and in bad taste, but if a publisher may not print them, what becomes of the freedom of the press? Who is to say what shall and what shall not be printed? Persons in public life customarily forfeit the privacy enjoyed by obscure citizens. Only dictators among rulers are immune from attack in the newspapers, and nothing that was said in the recent campaign about either candidate approached the scurrilous assaults that Lincoln and other American statesmen had to endure.

MR. ICKES' third point—that a paper should reflect the views of its readers, that the readers form the newspaper's constituency, just as the voters of a Congressional district are the constituency of a Congressman—was dismissed by the *Baltimore Sun* as "the most debased theory of the press, and the function of the press in a democratic society, that any man in responsible office has offered within memory.

"Fair printing of the news is not enough," the *Sun* said in an editorial. "Newspapers must also, according to Mr. Ickes' theory, support the candidates and the causes whom

their readers prefer. . . . In other words, newspapers must keep their ears to the ground and follow public opinion or public feeling. On its face, that is the theory of slavery."

If that theory had been followed by the press, the *Sun* pointed out, the old *New York World* would not have fought Tammany Hall in the days of Croker and Murphy, because in those days Tammany almost invariably won. The papers in Pennsylvania would not have fought the machine dominated by the Camerons, Quay, and Penrose because the people maintained that machine in power for two generations. In Chicago, where Mr. Ickes led movements for reform, the newspapers would not have fought "Big Bill" Thompson, because he won the people's votes repeatedly.

The *Sun* reminded Mr. Ickes that it had opposed Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, who were overwhelmingly favored by the people, although the Harding regime was marred by the exploits of the "Ohio gang," and the Coolidge administration by "the wildest speculative debauch in our history."

If the Ickes theory were valid, the *Sun* contended, then "any politician who can command the long-continued support or toleration of the readers, whether by corruption or demagoguery, or what not, is entitled to the support of the newspapers. And by the same rule, any time-serving, popularity-seeking charlatan in journalism may wrap himself in the mantle of duty when he tramples upon conviction and scuttles headlong to the high side."

Can Mr. Ickes really mean that a newspaper should represent the views of its readers, or does he merely mean that he believes the newspapers were mistaken in preferring Mr. Willkie to Mr. Roosevelt? Would he have had the press of the South support, instead of fight, the Ku Klux Klan when it was menacing the liberties of minorities merely because the Klan had a popular following in the South in its heyday? Is it the function of a newspaper to follow cravenly the mass mood, or has it the duty to support what it believes is right and oppose what it believes is wrong?

Mr. Ickes and other New Deal critics interpret the election returns as a vote of no confidence in the press. A majority of the newspapers

advocated the election of Mr. Willkie, but the people returned Mr. Roosevelt to office. Therefore, so the argument runs, the people paid no attention to the newspapers. The conclusion may be true, although it does not follow necessarily from the fact that more people voted for Mr. Roosevelt than for Mr. Willkie. Many of Mr. Willkie's 22,000,000 supporters may have been influenced by the papers they read. But if the New Dealers really believe the newspapers have no influence over public opinion, then how is all the commotion about the behavior of the press in the campaign to be explained? Just what does it portend?

THAT anything like the government domination of the press that prevails in the dictator countries lies ahead for the American press is unthinkable, in the judgment of the writer. Not even the President's most prejudiced critics would dream of attributing to him any such design. And if, by any stretch of the imagination, a President should attempt to put the press in bondage to the political power, Congress, as presently constituted, could be relied upon to stand in his way.

What may happen is a progressive tightening of control of the sources of information, particularly information relating to defense and military and naval establishments. Most of this information is now channeled through press divisions under the supervision of Lowell Mellett, one of the President's executive assistants who directs the Office of Government Reports. A certain degree of supervision over military information is entirely defensible, and the publishers do not expect to be permitted to print anything relating to national defense or military or naval movements that would be valuable to an enemy or potential enemy of the United States.

But the newspapers are uneasy over the bitterness displayed by New Dealers like Mr. Ickes. They are wondering if they are to be subjected to constant criticism designed to undermine reader confidence in them. They are wondering if the radio, which is already subject to regulation by the Federal Government, is to be played off against the newspapers. They are girding to meet attack—if it comes.

Where the Skies Rain Death

By ARNOLD LUNN

"WE ARE ALL," said Victor Hugo, "under sentence of death, but with a kind of indefinite reprieve." We murmur, "How true," but in normal times we remain unconvinced, and continue to plan our lives on the assumption that we shall live forever. And yet there is nothing specifically Christian in the belief that we should live every day as if it were our last. Since the war began I have re-read my favorite pagan philosopher, Epictetus. "I must die, and if immediately, then immediately. If in a few hours, I will dine first and then die. How shall I meet death? As befits a man who restores that which is not his own. . . . Never say of anything 'I have lost it,' but, 'I have restored it.'"

Epictetus is full of Christian anticipations. "*Quidquid habeo, vel possideo mihi largitus es. Id tibi totum restituo.*" The great Ignatian prayer, "All that I have and possess, Thou hast given me. I therefore return it all to thee," reads like an

echo of Epictetus. And what is the Ignatian detachment but the Stoicism of Epictetus "We should allow no news, no misfortunes to disturb us," tempered, it is true, by a Christian humility which was foreign to the Stoic creed.

Throughout the centuries philosophers of all schools have been reminding us that life is brief, and we have nodded our grudging assent and gone our way. The Divine irony would seem to have used the *Blitzkrieg* on London to drive home this lesson. God seems to say: "From time immemorial My Prophets and My Saints have been beseeching you to remember that death may come like a thief in the night. Good and holy men have thundered at you from their pulpits and preached at you in their books, but you remain engrossed in this life, as if this life lasted forever."

"When it is morning think thou shalt not come to the even," wrote Thomas à Kempis, "and when even comes be not bold to promise thyself the morning." Where Kempis failed to convince, Hitler has succeeded. The Angelus may ring in vain, but the Diabolus of the sunset siren forces even the most foolish to realize that life is short.

Id tibi totum. . . . I return it all to Thee. . . . Well, of course, it was easy for Epictetus whose only possession was a lamp, and for St. Ignatius who had taken a vow of poverty to restore all that they had to the Giver of all. Less easy for ordinary Christians. "I surrender it all. . ." Yes, of course, but

I add a secret *caveat*, "Not just yet, please." When the bombs fall near my house I feel most decidedly un-Ignatian. One's home is, in some sense, one's biography. The library which I began to collect at school, the Whistler etching I had no business to buy, the old Swiss aquatints, two paintings by Allinson, the Glynebourn records of Figaro . . . *Id tibi totum* . . . not yet, please. And, if possible, not at all—for I like to think that the books which I have read and marked, and the pictures which I loved, will survive me and, perhaps, be valued by my children and grandchildren.

A few days ago I turned into Farm Street to ask St. Ignatius to give me the secret of his detachment. The roof had been burnt out by a fire bomb, and blackened beams had fallen into the aisle. But the interior was undamaged. I was overjoyed to find that the altar to St. Xavier was unhurt. Many years ago my Irish mother, a Protestant but a lover of the Church, had prayed before this altar that her son might become a missionary. By a curious coincidence, for I knew nothing of this, it was at this altar that I received my first Communion. There is no Empire, as an Irish missionary recently insisted in my presence, in which Catholic missionaries receive more courteous and helpful treatment than our own. I am sure that that great missionary, St. Francis Xavier, is interceding for England.

I lunched with a great friend of mine, Phyllis Holt-Needham, whose home in London had just been destroyed by a high explosive bomb. "On the top of the rubble," she said, "I found three books, *Whither Europe?*, *New Sights of London*, and *The English Martyrs*." After lunch we wandered around to see what was left of her home. The first sight of the wreckage affected me even more than the first announcement of her loss. I have seen the havoc of war in Flanders and in Spain, but out tradition of immunity is so ingrained that, unconsciously, we tend to assume that the impact of high



Harrie & Ewing photo

Effect of a Nazi bombing raid on London, Interior of the Church of Our Lady of Victories

explosive is something which only happens to houses abroad.

Here was the first house that I knew well to be destroyed by enemy action. A neighboring convent had been partially wrecked. The façade of the chapel had been torn off by the blast and the roof damaged. The demolition squad had been impressed by the fact that the priest turned up as usual to say Mass, and could not be dissuaded by the fact that the roof was in a highly precarious condition. The little convent garden was overlaid with the rubble and debris of the explosion, but the statues of St. Joseph and of our Lady were undamaged. There was something consoling in their serene inviolability—ambassadors of a Power against which the Gates of Hell shall not prevail.

I was within a mile of the docks when they were set on fire by the first determined daylight raid over London. I was just emerging from an underground station when I heard a loud crump and saw three frightened people hurling themselves down into the shelter of the underground. As I traveled back that evening past burning warehouses, my heart sank for I knew the hell that was in store for the poor people of Dockland.

Light clouds reflected the fires and increased their apparent magnitude. Though the conflagration was limited in scope, it seemed as if half of London was ablaze as I stood outside our suburban home and listened to the tragic reverberation of an unending bombardment. The bombers came over in unceasing relays, like express trains. Twice I saw bombers caught in the searchlights and pursued by bursting shells; they dove into darkness and continued on their way unharmed.

I HAVE seen many sad sights—Ypres in 1915, Madrid on Palm Sunday, 1937, despairing groups of refugees in France after the Maginot Line had been turned—but I have seen nothing more sorrowful than the red and angry sky which reflected the tragedy of Dockland. But even modern war has its redeeming features, for life is enriched by the heroism which totalitarian war provokes. I visited Dockland on the day after the first big raid and spoke with an A.R.P. warden. "These people," he said, "look much happier

than they did in the first days of the war. It's the unknown that gets people down. They didn't know that they could take it. Now they know that they can, and that makes all the difference."

It does indeed. Let me introduce you to one of the heroes of Dockland. We shall call him Mr. Smith. I met him on his way back to his ruined home. He had just left his wife and children in the country.

"My mates and I," he said, "got together and agreed that we had got to see this thing through. We don't give a damn for Hitler. Down come his blinking bombs, and down we hops it to the shelter. Away go his bombers and up we pop again. So long as we've got something to eat and drink and a fag, we're all right. My old father is eighty and he's fought in four wars. Says he's been under fire long enough not to worry. Doesn't want to leave his pets—a dog, a canary, and a parrot—so when our home was bombed he took himself and his pets to a neighbor. Says he's lived in Dockland all his life, except when he was soldiering, and that Hitler isn't going to bomb him out of his *Lebensraum*."

His sister was returning to salvage what could still be salvaged. She asked me if I had read *Inside Europe*. "Mr. Gunther says that Hitler began as a Roman Catholic. Well, what I always say is that the Catholics take their religion much more seriously than the rest of us, but when they drop it they go to the devil like this Hitler. Mr. Gunther also says that Hitler has never looked at a woman. And he's fifty. If he had a wife and kiddies of his own he wouldn't be so savage to other people's children."

I think that Mr. Gunther's admirer would feel her views about good Catholics confirmed if she could meet the Plummers, a Catholic family, parents and four children, for whom we were honored to find room in our home, after they had been bombed out of their own. We have no cellar but we turned the dining room into a cubicle for the children, and barricaded the windows against stray shrapnel by selections from my library. I returned home to discover my wife and daughter staggering downstairs with a complete set of the British Ski Year Book. I was touched by their choice of war-time

reading until I discovered the use to which the books were being put.

Imperious Caesar dead and
turn'd to clay

May stop a gap to keep the wind
away,

And Arnold's prosy record of
the winters

Now plugs a gap to keep away
the splinters.

Mr. Plummer, whose profession is bookselling, was shocked to see the *Alpine Journal*, which still fetches a price, doing duty as sandbags.

THE CHILDREN slept through everything: "Was that a bomb?" my daughter asked.

"Yes."

"Oh," and fell asleep again.

"There's a girl at my school who has been in an earthquake and another who was bitten by a snake, and I felt so out of it because I'd had no adventures. Do you think being bombed is as good as being bitten by a snake?"

I assured her that in the hierarchy of adventure bombs rank equal with snakes.

"My wife," said Mr. Plummer one day, "cannot help brooding over our home. It helps a bit if one just accepts it as a penance."

"A pretty stiff penance," I murmured. "I prefer the good old 'Three Hail Marys'."

Mr. Plummer, an active L.D.V., is an expert on night noises. One night the Germans began to bomb the station and our little house shook like a pine in an Alpine storm.

"That's two," said Mr. Plummer. "They usually drop six on the same target."

"Thank you, Mr. Plummer. Those little scraps of information help one to understand the war."

"Do you hear those crackly sounds?" he continued. "They're Molotoffs."

The *Blitzkrieg* has been a revelation in a way which Hitler did not foresee. It has revealed the untapped reservoirs of courage, resignation, and stoicism which ordinary folk possess and which they can call on in times of stress. The good humor of crowds struggling for a place on overcrowded trains, the cheerfulness with which people endure long waits and longer delays is even more impressive than their refusal to be intimidated by the possibility of sudden death.

Lessons Written in Blood

The Author Outlines the Major Problems We Face in a Warring World. He Groups Them Around the Theme of National Unity, the First Line of Defense

By JOHN F. CRONIN

IN THE lives of nations, as in the lives of the men and women who make up these nations, there arrive days of destiny. The citizen as a private person must, as captain of his soul, face hours of anxiety, days of soul-searching scrutiny, and those final moments of courageous decision which determine indelibly his future. These are the privileged moments of high exaltation when he makes or mars his career, perhaps only in the world that now is, perhaps in that world of eternal light where the sun will never set.

Such crises are woven into the pattern of every life. They are no less the fate and the ordeal by fire of every nation. The citizen, together with his fellow members of the body politic, must at times make choices which mean life or death to his fatherland. He knows that the cold light of history will one day judge him patriot or traitor, a man of wisdom or a companion of fools, but the wisdom of hindsight is not his. He peers into a murky future illumined only by the feeble rays of his judgment and his conscience, and there seeks the highroad of peace and justice. His choice is often the choice between peace and war. It is for him to decide whether his children shall walk erect as free men or stoop beneath the chains of the conqueror. To him alone is given the power of decision, and in a democracy it is the common man who utters the last word and the final answer.

We live in such a democracy and we face such a crisis. Our world is menaced by the growth of powers antagonistic to our ways of life. Lincoln said that no nation can endure half free and half slave; we may rightly wonder whether a free nation can live in peace with a world that is half slave. Certainly the ideals of democracy and the policies of totalitarianism are bound to

clash somewhere, sometime. It is for the experts to determine the precise point of attack. Military authorities may assay the chances of a direct or indirect assault upon our shores, our fleet, or our possessions. Economists may evaluate the impact of a regimented economy upon the policies of a free industrial system. It is for diplomats to tell us when national honor has been outraged and when we must choose between submission and conflict. But all can see the essential antagonism so re-

cently dramatized in the triple military alliance directed against this republic. This is the menace which confronts us and our children; our decisions mold their destiny.

We are not well prepared today to uphold our place in the world. Our hour of decision finds us in the midst of a series of economic crises which alone would form an obstacle to national survival, independently of the conduct of other nations. The tormenting problems arising from industrial dislocations—unemployment, exploitation, class conflict, inequality, farm poverty, planlessness and waste, and many others—were faced by many democratic nations of post-war Europe. They failed to solve them and made the fateful barter of freedom for security, of democracy for dictatorship. Now it is our turn to choose, and this at the very moment that we confront a world in darkness.

In carrying out this great mission we must first turn our gaze to Europe and there read the lessons written in blood. We can then return home and soberly take stock of our credits and debits in the light of this great struggle. This is the duty and destiny of our generation.

As we seek light from the flickering fires of Europe, we are confronted with the tragedy of France and the enigma of England. The fate of France is indeed a challenge to us. In her ruins were buried treasures of art and the torn bodies of her sons and daughters, but something else perished in those fateful forty days. With the fall of Paris there died a dream of security. We then saw that neither time, nor distance, nor strength of arms meant safety when the spirit was lacking. The collapse of France revealed a weakness in morale, a fatal boring from within, that nullified the strategy of generals and the cunning of engineers. Only history can piece

Illustrated by JOHN JEWELL



together, from the welter of incriminations and revelations, the full story of her fall, but for our own defense we must try to probe the focus of infection, that we might save ourselves from a similar fate.

The story of England adds force to this warning. Whatever be the mistakes and blunders which we can condemn with all the assurance and safety of retrospect, she has made a glorious recovery to fight a brave battle. Her cities have been laid in ruins; her ships are too often rotting hulks in the depths of the ocean; but her spirit has not yet been broken. Through "blood and sweat and tears" she has carried on, wounded but undaunted, in her lonely struggle for freedom. The sins of sordid imperialism and drab commercialism which have tarnished her name in the past have been washed away in blood. Today, she alone of the nations of Europe carries aloft the flickering but still flaming torch of liberty.

From France and England alike we learn that the spirit of man is still the first line of defense. Without national unity and patriotic devotion, the strength of armies avails but little, but with courage and sacrifice, a nation with the resources such as those at our disposal could defy any attacker. The crux of the problem is the question of morale. For all the bravery of her soldiers, it appears that France lacked this vital force, particularly at the top. In her hour of crisis, there was pettiness, jealousy, and spite, where there should have been unquestioned teamwork. Duty was neglected; paper plans were substituted for tangible achievements; class strife replaced the co-operation which was imperatively needed. Sabotage, malingering, and plain neglect imperiled the most important plans. Instead of the discipline which was such a vital factor in the success of her enemies, there was an unleashed individualism which left her torn and divided, helpless before the foe.

These words are written in all humility. We judge, not to condemn another, but simply to save ourselves. Americans are all too willing to confess that we are not the ones to cast stones upon others, but at the same time we must learn from history, so that we may not share the fate of this heroic but hapless land. It is particularly a

mistake to single out individuals for the entire blame simply to make partisan capital out of another's misery. We regret the ill-advised attempts to blame the collapse of France on the "new deal" reforms of the Blum regime. The troubles of that unhappy nation began before the advent of the Popular Front, and they continued unchanged after Monsieur Blum gave up the reins of power.

Even a winter at war failed to produce a real awakening from the trance-like lethargy into which this great democracy had fallen. Part of the blame for this can be laid at the door of labor, although here we might better condemn the infiltration of Communism and the quiet sabotage of the Third International, rather than the social reforms long before advocated by such great Catholics as Count de Mun and the late Cardinal Verdier. But equal blame can justly be assessed upon finance and industry. Time and again there were "flights of capital," efforts to put liquid funds into the securities and currencies of other nations, rather than to venture them into expansion and modernization of home industry. Industrialists were too often content with archaic processes, when their neighbor and enemy was turning out the finest tools for mass production of instruments of death. In determining responsibility, one should not overlook the silencing of General de Gaulle when he fought for a French equivalent of the dreaded *Panzerdivisionen*. Nor should one pass by the equal ineptitude of England under a conservative government or of Norway with its age-old traditions of stability and moderation. A cause far deeper than the forty-hour week and vacations with pay must be sought if we are to profit by the lessons "over there."

THE best sources tell us that the morale of France failed because patriotism yielded to selfishness, and unity to partisan strife. In the hectic reaction to the first World War, pleasure was the supreme anodyne, to be sought at any cost. The voice of duty was drowned in the noise and revelry of a generation that wished to forget. In these years, the very foundation of nationhood was shaken when family life became unpopular and population declined.

It was further undermined when citizens refused the obligations correlative to the rights of suffrage, and turned over the reins of power to corrupt and self-seeking cliques. It reached the depths when God was rejected, His ministers despised, and the vision of the people narrowed to this brief span of days, to the neglect of the eternal years. When to this brew was added class strife, Communism, and blind complacency, the fate of France was sealed. For this poison French science did not have the antidote.

Yet America can scarcely look with complacency upon prostrate France, for every element in her defeat is present to a greater or lesser degree within our own boundaries. We cannot claim national unity and sterling morale as our outstanding characteristics today. It is not for us to maintain that our family life, in the matter of divorce, family limitation, and religious upbringing of children, is beyond reproach. Nor can we insist that we have always preferred duty to pleasure and that we have accepted our full civic responsibility for an honest, efficient governmental system. It would be rash for us to boast of our devotion to God at a time when the secular press is probing "the failure of the Churches." Only too often have we set for ourselves standards of conduct in which the words "discipline, devotion, and self-sacrifice" are glaringly lacking. There are deep cleavages which at their worst may make a mockery of our aspirations for national unity and which even at best are grave handicaps in our struggle for national survival.

A striking example of internal strife is labor's divided house. We see today the frightening spectacle of sincere, honest working men arrayed one against another in fratricidal discord. With the passing of years these wounds, instead of healing, seem to grow deeper. At the beginning there was some hope that realism and common sense would end this tragic breach in the ranks, but now there seems to be little chance of peaceful settlement. While the quarrel continues, labor grows weak, the public suffers, and the vision of national unity recedes ever farther from our anxious eyes. Although the events of the past two years have served to bring together the two movements in the matter of

basic philosophy, they have so deepened personal rivalries and animosities that little hope of reconciliation remains while the present leadership is in power. The struggle goes on, a quarrel which is worth an army corps to our enemies.

No less ominous is the bitterness which often poisons the relationship of labor with capital. Here is a situation which at times must be described as warfare—a war of many degrees, from pitched battles and prolonged sieges to the relative quiet of temporary non-belligerency. At times even the weapons of warfare are used, with tear guns, machine guns, and nauseating gas as offensive arms, when an all-pervasive espionage service did not succeed in disabling the enemy in advance. Like a military campaign it has its periods of deceptive quiet, followed by offensives the more devastating because they are unexpected. As is natural in such cases there have been excesses and even atrocities committed by the combatants; likewise there has been such an effort to becloud the verdict of history that few know who is really responsible for the outbreaks. Modern industrialism is like the Tower of Babel—when man thought that he had built an edifice reaching to the heavens, the confusing curse of the sin original smote him with discord and dissension.

If we are to be a nation united against our foes, we must discover and remove the causes of this strife. This is no easy task. Most "impartial judges" in these matters end up as bitter partisans, largely because they base their judgment on evidence too scanty or too biased to support a reasoned judgment. Some among us are "labor men," taking always the side of the worker, even against documented charges of racketeering and Communism. Others, perhaps a majority, belong to the school best described by the phrase: "I am in favor of unions, *but* . . ." Members of this school of thought are usually educated persons, often in the professions, who exercise a sincerely impartial judgment on the data available to them. Unfortunately for them, however, the evidence adduced is too often so one-sided that no reasonable opinion could be based on it.

Persons who would scorn conclusions on the present war which were

based on the communiqués of only one belligerent, carefully form convictions on class struggles from newspaper data which, as a whole, have been shown to have been definitely anti-labor. They may have discussed these questions with scores of business men, but never with a labor leader trained (as the average workman is not) to give an articulate and



forceful presentation of his side of the issue. The result is that these educated members of the community are generally opposed to labor unions. This is the more remarkable since trained students of labor problems who have obtained first-hand evidence on both sides, almost invariably favor labor's side of the discussion. They conclude that labor has persistently and forcibly been deprived of its main protection against exploitation, namely, the formation of free organizations chosen by the workers and for the workers. They are shocked at the record of espionage, blacklisting, blackmail, and revolting tactics of repression

which have been associated with some of the largest corporations in the land. If they were asked to make a general statement on the matter, they would assert that in most industries, leaving aside the special and difficult question of the building trades and some Communist strikes on the Pacific Coast, labor's struggle has been a just attempt to react against real and serious abuses. To them, the granting of a few basic rights, at present unquestioned in most industrialized nations, would mean an era of permanent labor peace.

The wide divergence of opinion on the labor question illustrates the difficulty of translating the ideal of national unity into concrete, generally accepted policies. A similar difficulty is found when one attempts to assay the differences all too apparent between government and capital. The story of their struggle needs no repetition. To any reader of the daily press it is a matter with which he is almost too familiar, for headline, editorial, and cartoon conspire to din into his consciousness the trite litany of "no profits, excessive taxes, and unsound fiscal policies disturbing business confidence."

In this matter a discerning reader, particularly one who reads the financial pages, is likely to find many puzzling discrepancies. He may find it difficult to reconcile the editorial complaints with the financial news about industry operating at near capacity, profits reaching levels hardly exceeded in the prosperous Twenties, and new issues of stocks and bonds snapped up by eager investors within an hour of the opening of the books. If he is familiar with the policies of other lands, he might note that conservative England had, even before the War, stiffer tax rates than prevail here. Furthermore he cannot reconcile the rebellion against taxes with the desire for a balanced budget, unless he were to attribute to critics the inhuman wish to leave the unemployed to starve. He might find it difficult to accept the disjunction "recovery versus reform" when he remembers that the evils which provoked the reform measures were precisely the events which brought about the depression of the Thirties. He wonders how sincere are the pleas for relief from new reforms since he realizes that no reforms of note have been made in recent years.

Any intelligent man, faced with an array of discrepancies of this type, might be pardoned if he doubted that the government was stirring up class hatred and persecuting the rich. Indeed he might well go to the other side and feel that most of the class feeling existed rather among the "martyrs."

Yet the problem is far more complex than this. The average businessman is a person of good sense and good will. There certainly is no sound reason to blame him as an individual for some of the flimsy arguments put forth in his behalf, any more than one should conclude that conflicts with labor spring simply from a harsh and vindictive policy of employers toward their workers. A deeper study of the question reveals at the root of such difficulties situations which baffle the individual and which drive him to seek some slogan or panacea for their solution. In such cases government and labor are obvious targets, inasmuch as they do disturb the freedom of the employer and take income which he feels would otherwise have been assured profit.

Today the disturbing situation which puts almost everybody's nerves on edge is the complex problem of idle men and idle money. It is this which puts the element of urgency and drive into all business actions, raises the specter of insecurity to torment the enterpriser, and leads both to the government deficits and shrinking earnings on saved funds. Yet it is a situation relatively new in the business world, so new, in fact, that traditional habits and ways of thinking seem utterly inadequate to cope with it. Formerly our savings almost automatically flowed into new investments, which meant new factories and new jobs. Today the fountain of opportunity seems to have dried up, and as a result we have dangerous pressure from men without jobs and money without users. In the face of this crisis, business has offered few really constructive suggestions. Its defense reaction has been panicky name calling and proposals smacking of wishful thinking or superficial analysis . . . a very human reaction, but one hardly contributing to national unity.

Added to our internal difficulties are grave external problems which arise out of the present war. Should England emerge from this struggle

victorious or at least undefeated, it will not be difficult for us to continue with our customary economic policies. But it would be dangerous to assume that a totalitarian victory in Europe and Asia could be airily dismissed on these shores, even from the narrow viewpoint of internal prosperity. Our exports to Europe, while a relatively small item in our total business activity, are, nevertheless, of the highest importance in certain fields, particularly agriculture. Any political maneuvering in the trade policies of the victorious dictators could well be disastrous to the small nations of South America, at the same time inflicting severe blows to our own economy.

THIS would have the effect of fomenting pro-Nazi revolutions in Latin America and causing widespread dislocations in our industrial and agrarian life. We might be confronted, for example, with the necessity of reorientating whole fields of farm and city activity, at the same time that vital raw materials were being diverted from our shores by governments hostile to us. As a recent writer to *The New York Times* put it: "The economic frontiers of the United States extend far beyond the borders of this country, and any action by Germany or other authoritarian powers which shuts the United States off from the economic resources and markets of other regions of the world will mean economic stagnation to this country and an end to American industrial and social progress." (Letters to the Editor: August 25, 1940). Even now American farmers and small business men complain about their difficulties in dealing with large, monopolistic firms; what will be their position when they are forced to compete with national or continental monopolies?

The brutal reality of the situation is that a free economy cannot compete with a regimented economy, not that the latter is of necessity more efficient, but simply because its book-keeping is not honest. It will take trade losses for political advantages. A totalitarian victory could well mean the destruction of at least many features of our democracy without the firing of a single gun at our shores or the dropping of a single bomb on our factories. Given such an outcome, it is unreal to

speak of finding substitute markets abroad, for the only region which would be available, South America, is more a competitor than a customer. It is just as foolish to look for domestic uses of these products, unless we are prepared to accept social reforms so drastic and far-reaching that those of recent years would appear by comparison as minor adjustments. (The statement that the underprivileged could absorb surplus farm and city products is a dangerous truism—dangerous inasmuch as it overlooks the crucial problem of *how* to achieve such distribution within our existing political, financial, and industrial framework.) Unquestionably we will need statesmanship and wisdom in solving these problems.

America must realize the truth of the maxim that in this changing world, nothing can simply remain as it was. Persistence in a desired ideal cannot be achieved by inaction; it requires positive and adequate adaptation to new situations. Herein lies the danger of complacency and partisanship, attitudes which could well bring about in us the dry rot that killed democracy in other lands. Fortunately there was little of that, at least on the part of the principals, in the recent political campaign. At the same time there does not yet seem to exist an adequate realization of precisely what national unity means and implies. There are still far too many who place popularity above patriotism, who are more eager to score in some political or business feud than to seek the common welfare.

Now is the time for clear thinking and plain speaking. Our salvation, under God, is in our own hands. We are masters of our destiny. We shall create the future. We cannot escape the responsibility for facing these issues squarely and effectively. In the articles which follow, we shall deal at length with concrete problems and possible solutions. These questions and their answers are the raw material for the America of tomorrow.

(In subsequent articles the author will analyze in detail each of the critical issues which we face. The two following articles will treat of the controversial subjects of unemployment and industrial stagnation, and the field of labor relations.)

THE REAL KNUTE ROCKNE

By JOHN B. KENNEDY



Wide World Photo

SITTING through the elaborate Hollywood motion picture story of Knute Rockne brought home to me a persistent truth: that many well-meaning folk know all about Knute Rockne, without knowing exactly what he was.

Knute Rockne, like Will Rogers, was a lucky showman, although between the two I should say that Rockne was the better showman. But both men admitted in their talks with me that they could not possibly have happened without continued breaks. Then Rockne finally had the bad break of taking a plane for the Coast that never got there. I was flying over Kansas about three years later in a fleet Lockheed, when the pilot passed me a note as the motor-roar made talk tough. The note read: "This is the spot where Rockne was killed."

Below was a rich carpet of yellow corn squaring far away to hill-less horizon. What did Knute Rockne think in that final fleck of hell that must precede a fatal plane crash in flame and smoke and sudden death? I know what he thought as he went on his way to take that plane in New Jersey. He was humming a topical tune as he walked through a gate to the plane: "Wasn't it wonderful while it lasted? Didn't it end too soon?"

This tune may not have been on his lips: prayer was probably there—although that tune is something of a prayer. But that is how Rockne felt—that life was wonderful despite its irritations and disappointments, and even while it ended too soon, he was not afraid of the end. As a matter of fact, medical men tell me

Knute Rockne, master showman and maker of men, at the height of his coaching career

that with the ailment Knute Rockne had—they call it phlebitis which is, roughly, traveling blood-clots—it was doubtful if he could have long survived in health. He had a hard time for a year or so before he was killed. This disease was a relic of his football days during which Rockne took a lot of punishment, illustrated for always, I think, by one tale he told of first engaging the greatest footballer of all time, the Indian Chief Bright Path, Jim Thorpe, in personal combat on the field.

Rockne played end on the Massillon, Ohio, pro team, when it met a team containing the terrific Thorpe. Several of Rockne's teammates had tackled Thorpe without advancing their health. So Rockne got the assignment. He hit the big Indian as he plunged through scrimmage. Rockne went down and Thorpe went on. Later, Rockne tried again with like result. A third attempt and Thorpe's trip-hammer hips rolled out Rockne like a rug. He was semi-conscious when Thorpe, having scored, came back, helped Rockne to his feet and said: "Rock, you be good boy. You let Jim run."

Rockne damaged his nose as the result of a baseball argument and

not, as some have said, as a pork and bean fighter. He did a little professional boxing around Chicago, but that game was much too shoddy for Rockne. He came to America as a tow-headed child. His father was a Norwegian carriage-maker with exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair. Rockne first made print at that fair by getting himself lost and finally being spotted by a reporter who marvelled at a blonde papoose in the Indian village. That was Rockne, who had taken the fancy of a prune-faced squaw.

Rockne played high-school football, but with no distinction. He aspired to be a mail clerk, and actually became one, doubtless developing his throwing-arm as the mail-cars rocked by night. He entered Notre Dame University with the fairly easy qualifications required in those days. He was not exactly a youngster—circa 25. He was also not a tramp athlete. He, then a Protestant, went to Notre Dame—as another Protestant star of that school, George Gipp, did years later, because his pals were there; and there were other inducements to join a college of wide football reputation in the Midwest, although not nationally renowned.

It's erroneous to say that Rockne

made Notre Dame football. He didn't. Men like Long and Harper did much for the school before Rockne came along; and the spirit of intramural hall football would have developed great players anyhow, without any coach. But Rockne, succeeding Harper, made the school picturesque. Rockne definitely made brains as important as brawn in the game. That was his top achievement.

But don't lose track of Rockne's scholastic ability. He was a genuine chemist and teacher of chemistry: he supervised the physical life of his footballers scientifically, and, incidentally, was extremely watchful of their spiritual life.

Notre Dame had become a terror to Midwest Big Tens by 1913. They were a gate attraction by then—although hardly known at all to the East. Walter Camp, so-called father of the All-America, which he was not—Caspar Whitney originated that—but Camp, the oracle of football, had never mentioned a Notre Dame man in his classic hierarchy. I don't think he ever did until Gipp came along.

But one bleak Saturday on the plains at West Point two young men started tossing a football over the heads of the Army. They were Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais, now Detroit U. Coach. These young men had been practicing forward passing all summer by the shores of Lake Maumee, where they had desultory jobs. They had the toss down or up to perfection. Again, hearsay says they originated the pass. They didn't. Eddie Cochems pioneered the pass while coach at St. Louis University. The Army took a licking that afternoon, and so did old-fashioned rock 'em and sock 'em football. The open game had arrived in the East, and Notre Dame was in all football talk.

Rockne graduated and made a fair living as a professional athlete. He perceived that college football was growing into big business and that there was a career for a young married man. When he succeeded Harper as coach, Rockne forthwith displayed that in his experience as college player, semi-pro, and full-blooded pro, he had made football a deep study. His basic doctrine was explosion: the sudden, stunning play brought about by deception paving the way for speedy execu-

tion. It was simply the old magician's trick of misdirection, while the real play was going through by rapid transit.

That explains the surge of Notre Dame to popularity as the biggest general drawing card in football. It was a team geared to suspense. Season after season you could see relatively light Rockne teams being pushed all over the lot, only to emerge as winners after one spectacular play—a scoring play in which Rockne specialized. His famous "shift" was his chief offensive trick, and so adept did his teams become that the rules committee penalized Rockne by practically eliminating it. They called for a one second pause before shifting, which nullified the "flow" or rhythm from snap-back to shift that gave Rockne his sparkplug attack. He was sturdily sore at the rules moguls for this bit of discrimination. It taxed his ingenuity to overcome this hobbling. But he did so by inventing trick play after trick play, variants of the old theme of making 'em guess where the ball wasn't until it came in view.

I don't need to detail Rockne's own development as a coach. He had all the equipment: stamina, magnetism, wit, humor, a crisp voice, and a wholesome fraternal guardianship of his players. He could watch a hall team and instantly pick out promising talent. Rockne was his own best scout, and he had opulent material at Notre Dame.

It was quite by accident he discovered his and Notre Dame's greatest player, George Gipp. Gipp was the son of a Congregational minister from the iron fields of Michigan. He had no special flair for football. In fact, he wanted to be a baseball player and was actually on the signing list for the White Sox before he died. Rockne spotted Gipp fooling around with a football and instantly knew greatness when he saw it.

Rock had ways of testing talent. Gipp came along to demonstrate that he had speed, strength, courage, the notes of a champion. But Rockne wanted to find out if Gipp had a greater essential—the militant sense of humor without which there is no true greatness.

Before an unimportant freshman game, Rockne asked the referee to

give Gipp the works whenever opportunity arose. Opportunity arose more than once. On Gipp's first play, when he had raced through the opposing team fifty yards to a touchdown, the whistle blew and Gipp and the ball were called back—Notre Dame penalized. A little later, Gipp tore round end for another score, but the whistle yanked him and the ball back for another fine of distance for offside or holding. Rockne, huddled on the bench, his shrewd eyes missing nothing, saw Gipp sulk in the backfield. Did that mean he was a sore loser? Minutes passed. Then Gipp went into action again. Again he plowed through scrimmage, broke loose and raced for a touchdown. The whistle blew, calling Gipp and the ball back. Rockne watched closely. Gipp came down field, bearing the ball in an armpit. He walked slowly toward the referee, reached him, and in a voice carrying to the sidelines, said: "The next time I run would you mind blowing that whistle once for me to go on and twice for me to stop?"

Rockne's smile like a damaged cupid was the broadest of the day. He knew he had a champion. Incidentally, Gipp died a convert.

Rockne's own humor infected his teams. Crowley, Stuhldreher, Layden, Miller—the Four Horsemen—not only mastered the Rockne system, as their subsequent exploits prove, but caught the Rockne humor. This man was a maker of men. His first requirement of a player he intended to star was that he show humor. He himself glowed with it. On the rare occasions when Notre Dame was defeated, Rockne always made it a point to go to a particular barber-shop in South Bend at mid-Monday following a game. There, of the filled chairs, he would quietly inquire, "Good-day everybody. How are all the coaches?"

Of the ceaseless—sometimes sly, sometimes merely silly—plotting of opposing coaches he took delight in detection and oblique exposure. He took his team to Nebraska once, when Lincoln was in a ferment of anti-Catholic feeling. Signs were posted en route to the stadium not at all flattering to the Pope. Rockne gave his team this simple instruction: "When you get out of the buses, line up and walk backward

into the stadium." At the University of Wisconsin, the coach, fearing Rockne's fleet Four Horsemen, let the grass grow on the gridiron to tangle their ankles. Between halves Rockne surprised everybody by going out on the playing field and searching on all fours.

"What are you looking for?" asked the rival coach.

"Oh," said Rockne in his smiling baritone, "I'm just looking for two backs that are missing."

After years of successful coaching, in which Rockne's teams were synonymous with victory, a crisis came in his career. Columbia University of New York was desperate for football prestige. A rich alumnus saw Rockne, who was then having some dispute with authorities at Notre Dame. An offer was made to Rock which he tentatively accepted. The man had to look out for himself with a family of three youngsters. There was tremendous publicity, with hints that Rockne, in renewing with Notre Dame, had gone back on his word. He didn't. The fact is that some of the good Fathers at Notre Dame believed the school, a real center of learning, was becoming a citadel of football. They wanted a change, a shifting of emphasis. Quite evidently the real, and what Rockne called the synthetic, alumni of Notre Dame—trolley-conductors, subway guards, and what-not—didn't. Rockne remained.

In 1930 Rockne won every game on the toughest schedule any college had ever undertaken. That was the year he deviated from his usual tactic of winning, when he was sure he would win, by narrow margins. He let his boys romp against Pennsylvania because one of his team, Martin Brill, had been slighted by Penn. The score was 60 to about nothing. When somebody asked Rock why he rolled up such a tremendous margin he replied: "I put in the sixth team and they scored. Had our dear nuns been available I'd have put them in to stop the score." It was this year that he fooled all the scouts watching his men work out en route to play Southern California by switching numbered sweaters to fool them on identity of players. Rock knew all the tricks and invented most. But in defeat as well as victory he was the master of his mind, without pretending to be a master mind.

Absenting himself from a game with Carnegie Tech at the time the Castellane-Gould marriage annulment in the Vatican was sensationalized, Rockne accepted the shattering setback Carnegie gave Notre Dame with a sly, "Well, I think we'll appeal this one to the Rota."

His was a penetrating inquisitiveness during action. Asked once how he had been able consistently to stop Light-Horse Harry Wilson of the Army, Rockne said—his cool, gray eyes laughing, "I observed Wilson blush whenever his number was called for a play and passed that along to the properly constituted authorities in the Notre Dame line. They met Mr. Wilson with a reception committee at every start. That is why he was stopped."

IF 1930 was his greatest football year, three years before saw his high personal crisis. He became a Catholic, to the delight of his wife and to the solemn satisfaction of Notre Dame.

I saw much of Rockne during those years—a guest at his house, his host in New York. He made no pretense to piety. He flatly admitted the routine intrigues of the coaching racket. In his office during one hot summer afternoon I couldn't help overhearing hours-long debate between him and another coach about the snagging of young players and the fixing of schedules. Rockne purposely never piled on scores. "Nip and tuck," he'd say, "and we'll do the nipping." He respected the prestige of other coaches as he was jealous of his own and knew enough, although not high salaried, to protect his relations with "good games"—like Navy, Army, etc.; but he never overcame the belief that religious prejudice was the real reason why the University of Michigan excluded him from its accepted rivals.

During my long friendship with Rockne I never heard the man, even in anger, say one word inconsistent with his faith and his responsibility as an idolized leader of youth. And we had many convivial hours, for he reveled in good company and was a master raconteur; but never, even when the glow was high, did Knute Rockne relate self-uncensored tales. Sometimes I've suspected that Rockne was more Irish than Scandi-

navian. He himself risked mayhem at a rally in South Bend when he made his classic comment that there was just one human smarter than a smart Irishman and that was a dumb Swede. But he loved the Irish. It was with a perfect ring of spirit that he told a group of us he was going to change the color scheme of the Irish on their annual bout with Army. "I'm going to drape them in green," he said. He did. Bright, exuberant green. And they took a bad licking, 18-0, during which I offered Rockne one of a brand of cigars he loved.

"Not just now," he said, watching his stalwarts battered. "But, if you happen to have it, I could use a pinch of opium."

It's been said libelously that Rockne's pep talks to his men between halves were hectoring. Not at all. Sarcastic at times, yes. There was his famous crack to a great player snared on the verge of a touchdown by Princeton's fleet Slagle. "Honest, Rock," this player alibied, "I didn't think he could catch me."

"That wasn't your mistake," said Rockne.

"Well," the tumbled star asked, "what was my mistake?"

"Why," said Rock, "he just didn't know who you were. The next time you're pursued carrying the ball, turn round and show them your clippings."

I have yet to meet the man who knew Rockne who did not love him. And I believe that his remarkable and winning personality burgeoned in his faith.

Undemonstrative, but deeply devout, I recall the way he'd drive a car around South Bend where they had flap traffic markers over which he'd roughride. I warned him once that some day he might mistake an iron marker for a rubber one and meet with trouble.

"Oh dear no," he grinned, "I'm the guy who keeps St. Christopher busy."

But I don't think he kept St. Peter very busy. When jovial Rockne's soul flew from a ruined flight over Kansas, his purgatory of ruined legs, which he had painfully hour by hour to bind in rubber puttees, gave him passport to Paradise. And this I know: that whoever's with him wherever he is, is having a simply swell time.



THE HILLS O' CRUACH

By Seumas

YOU cannot transplant an oak tree at sixty. When her husband was laid under the green sod, Nancy McIlhinny, through misty eyes, looked her last on the hills of Donegal, and there was sad truth in her parting words: "I'm laivin' the roots o' me heart with ye."

It is a far cry from Donegal to Bethune Street; but now that his mother was alone in the world, her son Jimmy had, against her will, insisted that her home must henceforth be there, where he and his little family could watch after her in her declining days — and where, though his home was small, it could hold another, and though his income limited, one mouth more couldn't cause disaster—and, anyhow, his poor old mother must be kept beyond worry and want.

The physical impossibility of her being beyond worry, however, was amply demonstrated when, on the first Saturday night after landing, Nancy went to confession to Father Cassidy at the little Church of the Holy Angels, and having confessed—nothing—for she was sinless as the unborn babe, and Father Cassidy having informed her that as he couldn't go through the form of giving absolution where no sin was disclosed, she must recall some grave sin of her past life and confess it again, saying, "Don't ye think, my poor woman, you some time or other were guilty of some serious offense for which you should ask God's pardon?" he got Nancy's reply (with heart-breaking sigh), "Oh yes, Father dear. I'm afeerd God'll never forgive me for laivin' Ireland."

If Ireland couldn't be transported to Bethune Street—and sad it was

that it could not—Bethune Street might, however, be brought to the Green Isle. And Nancy McIlhinny accomplished what petty-minded geographers and engineers alike would declare impossible. Not merely her own grandchildren, but likewise every youth, Celt and Teuton, Jew and Gentile, in the neighborhood, she surrounded with Ireland. From the stoop of Jimmy's house or from a Hudson Park bench, during those long summer gloamings, when Nancy's heart was always particularly lonesome, she went with it on wings of fancy, and carried her score of little companions a thousand leagues o'er ocean to the Isle of all Delights, where (these west side youths and maidens, Irish, Jew, and German, quickly realized) everything was far more so than everything everywhere else. New York, Philadelphia, and Boston (the boys soon realized) were, after all, little hay-towns (and slow at that) compared with Belshanny, and Donegal, and Killybegs.

In Ireland the hills were higher and the glens greener and the skies bluer than in any other land the world over—candies were sweeter, and apples redder, and the sun bigger, and whiter, and brighter than elsewhere outside of Paradise. There, too, the birds sang more sweetly, and the brooks crooned more soothingly, and no one knew heartache and no one knew care—and life was just one interminable round of joy. There, fairies skipped upon the hills to the most bewitching music ever heard, in such gloamings as this—only lovelier—and on just such moonlight nights—only more silvery and beautiful.

Ireland was the land of story, too, the land of children, where one

could hear stories of fairies and heroes from cockcrow to candle light, from June to January, and from January round to June again. And the stories still to be but beginning. (Profound sensation here among the auditory). Then, almost every evening, samples of these tales must be presented—and who could present them more entrancingly than Nancy?—the bewitching tales of the fairies, the astounding feats of the Fionn, the brave fight of the dauntless Cuchullin (the man who, had he flourished today and rented a room in Greenwich Street district, would probably be greater and more powerful and more worshipped and adored than Murty "the Hop" McCarthy, the Boss of the Ward).

And the story-telling would probably be wound up with an entrancing Irish ballad:

"I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springin' fresh and
green

The lark sang loud and high
And the red was on your lip,
Mary,

And the lovelight in your eye."
Though, usually, Nancy's voice would tremble and break upon the last lines of the stanza, and there would be no more of the ballad that day. Laying her hand affectionately on the little fair and black and brown heads, she would finally say, "Now childre', 'tis time for to go home and ate your stirabout and say your prayers—not forgettin' to ask God to bliss his own Irelan'—and go to bed."

And thus were things going when

GORM ..

Mac Manus

Mrs. McIlhinny discovered the Hills of Cruach Gorm. It was only on the night before the great discovery that her son Jimmy, after long looking at her, where she sat silently on the doorstep, holding in her hands a few blades of green grass on which her eyes were riveted, had said thickly—said it, indeed, for the thousandth time in the past five years, "Mother, dear, I'm afeerd your heart's bra'kin for Ireland," and she, suddenly starting as from a dream, had, after a moment, replied. "For Ireland, Jimmy, *avic machree*, son o' me heart, I could never live happy in Ireland, after findin' how delightful Ameriky is." Then her heart was momentarily held in anguished spasm for the terrible falsehood — and remembering the sermon she had heard Father Terence preach on the last Good Friday she was in Ireland, she waited spellbound to hear a cock crow! The secret of her broken heart was hidden at heavy cost.

On the before-mentioned morning of the great discovery, she was returning as usual from seven o'clock Mass and had stepped into Louis Baum's antique-cum-modern store (which ever yawned to catch worms both earliest and latest) and asked for a cent's worth of chewing gum—Nancy having already succumbed to the national vice. She was waiting for Louis to discover the island of gum in the confusing and multitudinous archipelago of supplies which his ten-foot-square store presented to the navigators of Greenwich Street, when her eye was arrested by a heavily-framed picture suspended among the other second-hand supplies that graced the back of the store. Holding her breath, she



Holding her breath she went nearer; and Louis saw her perfervidly clasp her hands. "Surely them isn't the Hills o' Cruach Gorm?" she said with a cry that might have meant ecstasy or anguish

went nearer; and Louis saw her perfervidly clasp her hands.

"Arrah, tell me, Misther Bum," she said, with a cry that might have meant ecstasy or that might have meant anguish, "Surely them isn't the Hills o' Cruach Gorm?" Louis' heart, through its thick commercial envelopment, was touched. "Dat is just vot it iss."

A little cry, now undoubtedly of joy, escaped Nancy.

"An' surely that isn't Mary Donnelly's wee house forint the hill?"

"Indeed it iss."

"Ye—don't—tell me! Thanks be to God!"

"An that, surely, isn't Mary's son, Johnny, driving the cows down the Red Park?"

"It iss so," Louis agreed.

"Only Mary used to have but two cows; she must o' bought that speckly one—a fine one, too, God bless her!—afther I left."

"It iss quite likely, mein goot woman."

"Well! Well! Well! Glory be to God!" Nancy dropped into a dusty chair and lifted not her gaze from that "Scene in the Catskills" for an hour. With a snowy white Irish linen handkerchief (which along with her beads, she always carried in her clasped hands going to and returning from church), she was wiping her eyes as she quitted the Greenwich Emporium.

And thereafter, each morning, on her return from Mass, she always found she had important business to transact at the Greenwich Empo-

Illustrated By MAY BURKE

rium. A boot lace was needed, a cent's worth of gum (for now she became a regular gum toper) a penn'orth of pins, or maybe she "just stepped in for to know the time on the clock."

"Well, thanks be to the Lord, 'tis gettin' short o' breath I'm afeerd I am"—making great efforts to pant—"I'll just take a sait in the chair here a minute till my draught comes back to me."

So that on each morning of each day of the week, and each week of the month, the "Scene in the Catskills" had a wet-eyed admirer long seated in front of it.

"Well Glory be! I've got me breath again. 'Tis an onhandy thing is the ould age, Mr. Bum. I must be pushin' for home—to help Jane fit the childre for school. Good mornin' and God bliss ye, Mr. Bum." That picture was earning for him compound interest.

Having quit his emporium for some valuable minutes to watch the progress of a dog fight outside Mullarky's Pleasant Hour saloon one day, Mr. Baum returned to find Nancy crooning an old song, "The Hills of Cruach Gorm," before the picture, swaying her body in unison. She ceased abruptly when aware of the proprietor's return. With an apologetic laugh, she said, "When my head does be idle in the mornin's, foolish ould songs and things come into it. I'm wondherin' what ye'd be wantin', Mr. Bum, for that ould picture ye have strung on the wall there." She jerked her thumb somewhat disparagingly toward it, and spoke in the casual manner of one who seeks knowledge out of idle curiosity. Mr. Baum winked at a gentleman who had come in to discuss the dog fight, as he replied. "I wouldn't be able to sell that picture for less den vun toller."

In Nancy McIlhinny's happy heart a great scheme was growing as she went home that morning—a great secret scheme, too, of which no one must learn until it was an accomplished fact. By superhuman effort she would scrape and save till, O happy thought, she would present herself with Hills o' Cruach Gorm as a Christmas present. It was already early September, 'tis true; but a determined person with a sublime incentive could work miracles, even in three and a half months. And joy intoxicating! To think how, forever

after, all her days, she should have the Hills o' Cruach Gorm in the house with her, herself seated in front of it in the secondhand rocking chair that Jimmy, by a great financial strain, had purchased specially for her, and feasting her eyes on the hills of her heart all the day long—except, of course, when she would be at Mass or helping Jane round the house. Joy too great to dwell upon, this was, for it made her feel heady.

Nancy, henceforth, took great interest in Mr. Baum's welfare, and if he sneezed, that was good reason for inquiring after his health every morning for a week, and for all his ills and aches she prescribed herb cures that are known only to herself and to ould Molly Carribin of Bally-boyle, who was now dead.

Meanwhile, no miser ever set his heart on gold with such ungodly greed as did Nancy McIlhinny hers upon copper cents, which she



Mr. Baum shook his head and laid a finger on his lips

scraped for and hoarded with a a gluttony that would shame the veriest miser of them all. Such a grip did covetousness lay upon her soul that the ragamuffins of Bethune Street now went storyless. The fairies she completely forgot. Fin McCool's deeds of prowess were slighted; and the King of Ireland's Son, whom she had a month ago started upon a perilous quest, was, amid dangers that racked the souls of all the youths and young maidens of Bethune Street, left to his fate.

When December's first day came, Nancy McIlhinny's pile had mounted to the dizzy count of eighty-seven cents. There was no mistaking the accuracy of this, for the hoard was counted several times a day, and on that morning of early December she remarked to Mr. Baum with a casual-

ness that was superb, "I'm thinkin' I'll be takin' that ould pictur from ye one of these days; I've most a dollar saved."

"A toller!" exclaimed Louis; "vy the price of dat picture iss twenty-seven-fifty." Louis's heart smote him when he saw the spasm of pain that suddenly twitched the old woman's face. He recalled his joking remark of some months ago—and was conscience stricken.

Nancy McIlhinny, feeling with her hands along the wall, groped her way out of the emporium.

A big policeman, with a Con-naught brogue, was arming and cheering her when she reached the home of her son Jimmy.

"The craiture'll be all right in no time," he said to Mrs. Jimmy, "if ye give her a nice drhop of warm milk a little ground ginger in it and a lump o' sugar, and a thimble of whiskey. The waikness overtook her a block back, and she was for sittin' down on the cowl'd curbstone when God sent me along. Ye shouldn't, on no account, ma'am, let the ould craiture travel on an empty stomach in the mornin'; for the wind always gets round the heart of the ould people when there is no brakfurst there for to fill the spaces."

The physiological lore of policeman Terence Kirwan might be improved upon without difficulty, but no man in New York, or out of it, had a heart nearer the human ideal of perfection.

From her little weakness Nancy had fully recovered in a short time, and despite the entreaties of her son and daughter-in-law, must begin attending early Mass again.

"'Twas a good thing," she said to herself, as she sat in front of the picture once more, feasting her hungry eyes upon it—" 'tis a gran' thing entirely that I can have both me eighty-seven cents and the pictur, too—comin' in and lookin' at it every day." Moreover, if she owned it altogether, she might tire of lookin' at it always—or her house might burn down, or be struck by lightning, or any one of a thousand other catastrophes might occur—yes, 'twas better; for, thank God, the picture was safe in Louis's keeping, and she to have the enjoyment of it while he took all the risks. On second thoughts, it is true, she concluded that she must consult Father Cassidy, at her next confession, regarding the

morality of this. But meanwhile she would risk her soul enjoying the sweet sin.

"What's the picture you're looking at, me good woman?" It was Mr. McCarthy himself arrayed in his great, genial smile, who interrupted her subtle sophistry, and whom she now saw standing behind her when she looked up.

"Oh, Mr. McCarthy," she said, clasping her hands, "don't ye know it? 'Tis the Hills o' Cruach Gorm."

"Ha! ha! ha! ye know I'm from Kerry meself." Big Murty leant over to decipher the title for himself, and that instant Mr. Baum, slipping up behind, gave his coat tails a violent tug, and when Big Murty looked around, shook his head and laid a finger on his lips.

"Yes, Hills o' Cruach Gorm," Louis said corroboratingly.

"Oh, to be sure," said Big Murty; "and the beautifullest hills they are in all Ireland—I say it meself, even if I'm from Kerry."

"Thank ye, and God bliss ye," Nancy said on behalf of the Hills. Big Murty laid an affectionate hand upon Nancy's shoulder as he questioned her.

"How long are ye away from Ireland, ma'am?"

"Och! Och!" she said; "I'm five hundred years away and I'm not five days. 'Tis six years, they say, since I sailed from Derry. But sure, I've been back in Ireland every day o' me life since." Nancy's body began to rock to and fro in front of the picture, while, utterly forgetful of the presence of others, she began crooning to herself a pathetic old air. Murty turned away suddenly.

"God help the craiture," he said to Louis, after a minute. "I had an ould mother meself, the picture of her—the sweetest ould woman that ever walked God's earth. Who is she, Louis, anyway?" And Murty, as he stepped out of the emporium, after hearing the story of Nancy and the picture, undoubtedly brushed something—whatever it was—from the corner of his eye. "May God bless her innocent heart," the game one muttered.

If Mrs. McIlhinny could not treat herself to the picture as a Christmas present, she had made up her mind to give herself the next best Christmas treat. All Christmas Day, from early Mass to dinner hour, and again

for a couple of golden hours in the afternoon, she should sit and feast her eyes upon the Hills o' Cruach Gorm. And, in honor to its being holy Christmas Day, she must avoid even the risk of sinning; so she set aside fifteen cents, which, in its composite units, should be expended, as compensation, at regular intervals during the entertainment, for gum and candies and every other rich and rare luxury with which the emporium tempted the palates of its patrons. It was lavish expenditure, of course, but it justified itself—and it would impress Louis that he was not entertaining a mere unprofitable trespasser. On Christmas Day, moreover, the great Feast of the Lord's birth, extravagance was not merely permissible but was even especially meritorious.

When, with beating heart, on this which was to be one of the great days of her life, she left home for early Mass, she abstracted from her hoard, and carefully knotted in the corner of her handkerchief, twenty-five cents, with the airy feeling of a millionaire who need take no thought of any morrow this side of Doomsday. Mrs. McIlhinny donated five cents at the church door and bestowed another five upon the inside collector. She securely fastened the remaining nickel and ten copper cents in her bank—the corner of her handkerchief. And when Mass was over, and all her special petitions pleadingly put up to a God who could not help but hear, especially on this great day, she joyfully, with beating heart, took her way to the Greenwich Emporium.

She staggered when she entered the door—for where the picture used to be, a blank wall cruelly stared at her.

"Where—where—is—the picthur?" she gasped.

There was some pain in the proprietor's eyes, and hesitation in his voice as he replied. "Dat picture was bought yesterday and taken away."

The light seemed to pass out of Mrs. McIlhinny's life that Christmas morning. Christmas Day, New Year's Day, all days were now alike to her—blanks—blanks. With fumbling uncertain fingers, she succeeded after much time in tying the knots that she had undone from the little treasure that her handkerchief held, and then she started for the door. Stopping for a moment in the doorway,

however, and steadying herself by grasping the jamb with one hand, she said, in a weak voice, "God grant ye a happy Christmas, Mr. Bum."

Nancy reached home safely—how, she never could rightly recollect. In her memory that journey was just an aching blur. Into the armchair that Jimmy had brought her, she sank with a sigh,—a sigh in which seemed concentrated all the pain of all the days—both the painful days that were and the days of pain that were now to be. Life held nothing now worth living for. She remembered when, on that dark day when the rugged coast of Donegal faded from her view, she had felt as if life was snuffed out; the same awful feeling of the heart seized her now, and she thought she—

"GLORY be to God!" she suddenly cried, with a cry that stung her heart as sharply as would a spasm of anguish. "Tell me what are me eyes lookin' on that wall fornint me, Jimmy, *asthore machree*? Or are they lookin' at nothin'? Is it just a temptation that the Bad Man's puttin' afore them to torture me? Tell me darlin'—tell me!"

"Mother, dear," said Jimmy, laying a tender arm round her neck, "they're lookin' at the greatest picthur that meself or Jane ever saw in all our lives which come in here half an hour ago for you—with no name, exceptin' this card, which says, 'For Jimmy McIlhinny's ould mother—from one who had a sweet ould Irish mother himself—wishing her a happy Christmas, and forty o' them. And there's a bit of paper pasted over the ould name of the picthur (which, I suppose, was fadin') and the name printed new with ink (to make it aisy for bad scholars to read) — an' mother, mother dear, it's none other than The Hills o' Cruach Gorm! Glory be to God!"

For a tedious minute, with what seemed to Jimmy an uncomprehending stare, Nancy McIlhinny looked at the picture on the wall. Then, before Jimmy could prevent it, she slipped helplessly from her chair, falling forward in a loose heap, her face between her arms, which reached toward the picture. When Jimmy, alarmed, stooped to raise her, she was muttering in ecstatic, but broken voice, "Now, Glory be to God this holy Christmas mornin'!"

"And They Came Bringing Gifts"

By LOUCILLE DOWD GILES



LINDA surveyed the Christmas tree wistfully. Every ornament was hung now except the pudgy little Santa, and she fastened him so he could stand jauntily clutching the center branch. Eagerly the miniature bulbs came alive to complete the vivid ensemble.

Into Linda's gray-brown eyes came a fleeting moment of delight in the tree, but it died quickly before the memory of Christmas of a year ago, their first in this little home. For they had had love and hope and plans as gay as the tree baubles—and as fragile. No, the tree was no signal for joy. It was too forceful a reminder of loss.

"Why do I want to see it again as it stood then?" she asked herself, turning swiftly away. The glow of the tree highlighted the bronze of her hair, giving warm color to the delicate contours of her young face.

No need for festive preparation

this Christmas Eve. Urgent calls for David, the town's only physician, usually ushered in a holiday. Tomorrow she would go, bidding good-by to David, to marriage—to all happiness either for a time or always.

No, not for David or herself had she done the tree with its brightest bulbs and the Santa facing the room.

"But there is no one else to see," her heart cried out.

At three months would his eyes have opened wide at the glint of the silver and red? Would the lights have attracted and held his baby vision?

She rose suddenly and switched off the tree lights. "Baby, it's for you. But you're gone, gone before you could feel any of the love I had waiting for you. And you needn't have gone."

She stood motionless, her hands clasped tightly. The force of this thought's return was frightening. Was the time coming when the sequence of that thought could no longer be submerged? Would the wraith-like accusation take on reality in her own words? "Our baby needn't have died but for you, David."

Not that. She must go before she had destroyed the thing she could never hope to restore, the faith of a doctor in his professional integrity. Otherwise, doubt robbed him of confidence and he floundered. Away from David she could conquer this thing or—the alternative was the thing she couldn't face.

She thrust the drapery aside and looked out the immense window framing the tree. When they had come to Scotville a year and a half ago, she had chosen the cottage for its brave windows.

Now David's coupe swung around the corner, rolling up the street's white carpeting. She watched him

get out and pick up his medical kit.

"It's so much a part of him—a sort of staff," she thought.

The door swung wide. She used to wonder why David never opened a door mildly.

"Hello, Lin; there's plenty of weather outside." That voice, so vibrant, could easily become a tonic for the weak. "I had the deuce of a time getting in from the country."

She went to him. "White Christmas, David. We used to hope for that when we were children." It was little fixed speeches that made safe the way—hiding the things that memory made acute.

"It's good from inside," he said, and caught her to him. His damp lapel felt good against her cheek. His lips brushed her hair, then cradling her chin with his hand he claimed her lips. David's kisses had never grown casual. Was it so short a time ago they had been the pivot of her day? Could he know as surely as did she how distanced they had become even in embrace?

David sank into the big chair. His dark hair was ruffled slightly, his cheeks flushed from the cold.

"The tree is gay, Lin, and being here together. Tonight alone would have been dreadful."

"Yes, it would," she murmured, "I hope they leave you in."

"They will, and I'll welcome after-Christmas tummy-aches tomorrow. Lin, how long is it to be—the visit?"

She met the clear gaze of his dark eyes and then turned away. "Why, I don't know, David," she faltered, busying herself with the tree tinsel.

She could not tell him: "As long as it takes to make me feel that what you did that night was right. When I can exonerate you, David. Time? I don't know. Maybe there won't be enough of it."

She said then, impulsively, "David, come with me! If you and I could go away for a time—"

"Not a chance, Lin. The only doctor in a community just doesn't up and leave it in winter."

"David, you could come." Why was she pleading? Was it to postpone the thing she must sometime face alone?

"No, Sweet. The Cotner and Bailey babies are due any time. Doctor Kemp might not be able to get through."

She was amazed at the anger she could feel toward him. More babies

Illustrated By PAUL RABUT

to be born, more mothers he must not fail. But he could fail us, my baby and me. The old wound was open, smarting, but the jangle of the phone cut off the words she might have spoken.

It was a country call and connections were poor, she knew as her surface thoughts followed David's voice. He hung up and said:

"Linda, it's ten miles out. I'll try to hurry. It's a child sick, I think."

"But David, your dinner." She was weakly grateful at being diverted from the resentment that had claimed her.

"Yes, just time for that," he said.

This was the role that could easily claim her. So many meals served hurriedly, starting him out at night, making sure he took his overshoes. Habit could save you so often. And habit in marriage was all of the things love had taught you to do freely and which you kept on doing while thinking, regretting, blaming.

"Not the Christmas Eve I'd planned, Lin," David said, coming into the kitchen.

"I know," she said, answering his smile.

But it was not until he was ready and had picked up his hat, that an overwhelming fear of aloneness cut through the sheathing of restraint she had so desperately fashioned to hold her grief.

"David," she cried, "I'm going with you. I can't stand it here. That tree—that Santa—waiting. David, they're waiting, as I waited, and you see there's nothing, nothing to wait for now." Her eyes held a kind of terror. Her sobs flung back at him as she ran from the room. He followed her quickly to her bedroom. She was clutching at her coat, wrapping a scarf about her neck.

"Linda, Linda," he said hoarsely, holding her close. For an instant she felt anchored—fear of aloneness, bitterness, easing off.

"Linda, there'll be other Christmases when the hurt is less. I can't take you out in the night. I may not be able to get through."

She was out of his arms. "I must go, David," she said, composure swift-

ly returning to her. "I'm ready, now."

The coupe floundered often in the huge drifts. David was kept busy trying to keep the windshield clear and the car in motion. He had ignored her hysteria and she was grateful.

He said, finally, "These farmers often put off calling a doctor until the patient is bad off. I've run into O.B.'s where I hadn't seen the mother before."

"Perhaps that is the better way," Linda said tensely.

He had started to speak when the car took a deeper drift and he busied himself with it.

Her thoughts sped on. "Surely mine wasn't the better way. Me the favored one, as doctor's wives presumably are." That night three months ago . . . David was with the Gates' boy who had pneumonia. She knew when the first pains clutched her that she must start soon to get to Doctor Kemp's hospital twenty miles away. She had called the Gates home.

"David, it's the Prince. Run home



"Duty," she flung out derisively. "I'm not subscribing to your brand. I feel no responsibility toward this child"

quick so we can get to Logan before the imp."

And David, not answering her brave gaiety: "Linda, I can't possibly leave this boy. I've given him that new drug. I have to watch every reaction. I'll send my nurse with you, dear. I'll get there before he does. Linda, be brave. You do see I can't leave."

She couldn't remember now. She might have said something flippant—maybe she hadn't.

Doctor Kemp was on a call when they arrived, and the nurses weren't able to reach David. Hours went on and David didn't come, but Doctor Kemp did, and nothing mattered but the smothering, glorious liberation of anaesthesia.

Later she knew that the baby and she had vied with one another in their race for eternity. Emerging enough from pain and her own numbing sense of loss to be aware of David, she had found him suffering grief, but no remorse. The "ifs" that pounded her brain were not torturing him, and she had taunted him from her own anguish, "It must be grand to have duty so clear cut!"

She could recall his look of pained bewilderment, as he said: "You mean, Linda, I should have left that boy?"

She found a moment's exquisite release in her next thrust, "For your own, yes. They tried to save our baby—the nurses—but if you were here . . ."

Perhaps he had forgotten that outburst, thought it the hysteria of weakness. She had built well the wall around her bitterness and grief. It need stand only until tomorrow. Away from David it could crumble away.

The coupe lurched crazily and stopped. David got out and went to the rear of the car for the shovel. For some time he shoveled as she tried to free the car. At last they were moving with David beside her breathing heavily.

"This is an idea, bringing you along," he said amiably. "It's tough sometimes, alone."

Then the roads blocked him often, she thought. Strange he had never mentioned it.

As they stopped the car in the farmyard, a man wearing a great mackinaw and fur cap came to them. His boy had been sick off and on for a week and had grown worse

today, he told them as he led them into the kitchen.

The mother came to greet them. "Oh, doctor, he seems so terribly sick tonight," she said. Her face was drawn, her hair unkempt.

"Times he don't know me. Times he talks queer," she said.

"My wife," David said, by way of explaining Linda's presence.

"Yes, sit where you are warm," the woman said, bending anxiously over David as he reached into his bag.

The doctor warmed his stethoscope over the wood range and followed the mother and father into an adjoining room.

GLAD to be alone, Linda sat just outside the circle of light spreading from the bracketed oil lamp. Great stacks of wood lined the wall. On a line strung from one side of the room to a hook near the stove, diapers and other garments of small children hung drying. "Women could bear babies in farm houses and save them." David's entrance saved Linda pursuit of this warped thought.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Pneumonia, congestion of both lungs. I'm going back to town. I have none of the drug we've been using. I'm taking a specimen. If it's a type for serum, I'll get that too."

She began to adjust her scarf.

"They're so worn out. I told them you'd stay," he said.

"But David, I'm no nurse. I know nothing about what he'd need."

"You only need do as I say. If only I could have him in an oxygen tent. If I had been called earlier," he said grimly. "But we'll try mustard plasters. Some of the old fellows had little else but that and prayer."

"David, there must be someone else—a neighbor—someone who knows this sort of thing," she protested.

Impatience etched his face. "I'm trying to save that child's life. In the name of God, Linda, can't you see it's your duty?"

It took only that word to unloose the walled-up resentment of the past months.

"Duty," she flung out derisively. "I'm not subscribing to your brand. I feel no responsibility toward this child." She was talking wildly, she knew. "I came tonight against your

wishes. Now it becomes my duty to remain." She faced him, gripping the table to support herself against the weakening tide of resentment clutching her. "Hippocrates simply neglected a code for doctor's wives," she flared.

A look of unbelief, of something almost of pity, stood in David's eyes. "Linda, this isn't you. In your bitterness you're confusing all this with our baby's going. Don't you know I've read that accusation in your eyes. That I've watched you grow to hate me because you feel I failed you both. Do you think I wanted to be away from you that night? Can't you know how I wanted our child to live?"

His hand covered his eyes, in a gesture of utter weariness. He went on hoarsely.

"But Linda, I've gone all over it so often I no longer think clearly about it." He came to her, put his hands tightly on her shoulders and the misery in his eyes was answered in her own. He was saying:

"Our son died because I, a doctor, refused to be there when it was born. Suppose the Gates boy would have lived without my being there. And I believe now he would have, though I couldn't be sure. Then it all adds up that you were right in thinking what you do of me." He released her suddenly and said sharply: "Tonight let's think only that that kid in there will die unless I can get that drug or serum."

"I'll stay," she said quietly.

"See if you can find some mustard," he ordered.

Dazedly she rummaged through cupboard shelves. Finding a package of dry form she handed it to him. He mixed it deftly, using flour and water, grabbed a flannel diaper from the line and spread it thickly, then held it over the cookstove.

Numbly she followed him in to the child, who lay on a couch in a room presumably used for both dining and living room. The mother bending over him was bracing him through a violent coughing attack.

David bared the small chest and placed the plaster securely about it. The boy's eyes opened, but his gaze was the unfocused one of delirium. His lips were blue and swollen, his breathing a terrifying sound to Linda. "Too terribly young to suffer," thought Linda, watching the eight-year-old.

"You must go to bed, Mrs. Seivers. My wife will stay and you'll need your strength for tomorrow," David said.

"You are so good," the mother said, clasping Linda's hand. Linda flushed, shamed by the tribute the woman bestowed on her.

Alone with her, David instructed, "I want you to keep close tab on his pulse."

This, the simplest and all-important guide in medicine, David had taught her once, laughingly saying: "Then you'll know what I spend my days doing."

"I'll leave this stimulant," he said, filling the hypo syringe and placing the needle in a wad of gauze. It may tide him over, if he goes bad."

"But David, I never in my life . . ." she protested.

He ignored this. "Insert it in the arm about here." He bared the child's arm and holding the muscles taut showed her the angle of puncture.

"Only if the pulse weakens," he cautioned. Then he caught her hand gently. "I'm sorry, Linda. I didn't want to hurt you. I need you tonight. Tomorrow you'll go away. I've felt your going was not just a visit."

She withdrew her hand.

"Linda, there was a time when I thought I could stand anything but being without you. Lately I've known I was doing just that even with you in my arms."

The child floundered flinging the bedding, and she quieted him.

"I'll hurry back, Lin. Mustard and prayers." His smile, a faint crooked one, was good-by.

"Mustard and prayers" and the other things he said were rushing crazily back. "There was a time, Linda, when I could stand anything but being without you—"

Leaving tomorrow could only end what to him had grown unbearable.

The boy was now convulsed in a spasm of coughing. Terrified, she tried to hold his worn body. When he quieted she held David's watch, counting the pulse, fluttery now like a candle flame whipped by gusts of air. Then the gusts lessened. She knew what she must do.

"Oh God, guide my hands." It was a prayer, the kind David meant—a prayer for help. She caught up the syringe clumsily, clutched the muscles of the child's upper arm.

Nausea gripped her as under her hand's pressure the needle sunk. Now the liquid was emptying. Withdrawing the needle, she clung to the table to steady herself.

"—Close tab on the pulse," David had said. But what good—that little chest must keep on, must rise and fall. That rasping intake of air must go on until David came back to them.

"How many nights had David sat like this?" she wondered. Had the Gates boy been this ill? Had his fevered hands clutched David as this child now clutched her—as though in hope of replenishing his own vanishing strength through her? Was this such a scene as the one she felt David should leave for the birth of his own son?

Her thoughts turned to the tree she had trimmed this afternoon—so long ago. What right had she to any mean symbol of this Feast of Peace? She had fought peace. She had steeled her heart against resignation to a plan thwarting her own. She had flayed David about duty. By what distorted avenue of reasoning had she set herself up as his judge?

"David, David," her voice went out in a low sob reaching the father who sat in the corner of the room. He came to her looking down closely. "Is he worse?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he is. Will you call David, the doctor? Try the home, the office."

THAT was useless. If he was even now returning, he might still be too late.

"Mustard and prayer—mustard meant heat. Was it possible—?"

"I can't get through" the man said returning.

"Listen," she said, "do you have hot water—lots of hot water?"

The man nodded, bewildered.

"We're going to try something. Bring a large pan of it and heavy towels."

Heat therapy—this might be its crudest form but it couldn't harm him. And then they worked, the oil-cloth of the kitchen worktable keeping the bedding dry. They swathed him with layers of the heated compresses, shielding him carefully from chill while removing them.

Her arms ached. Her eyes searched the child's face for hope, and dimly she was aware time was passing. She couldn't stop to take the pulse now.

What good to know. It was better to go on trying, hoping against hope that the pulse would be all right.

And then David came into the room, flinging off his coat on the way to the bed. She motioned the father back and stood holding the steaming towel.

"What on earth—Linda." He clasped the child's wrist as she applied the towel and drew the covers snugly about the child. Her eyes searched David's face. Now she would know—it couldn't be too late.

"He's stronger," he said, in awed surprise. "Have you taken his temperature? Is that perspiration on his head?" the last exultantly.

"Yes," she murmured, "the last few minutes. I think the heat."

"No, that's temperature drop. He is better."

Looking up at the father she saw the weathered face become almost handsome in that smile. The man spoke: "My wife said you were a good woman. I say heaven sent you this night." He turned and left the room.

Silently Linda watched David give the drug he had brought.

"He hasn't the type for serum," David was explaining, "but this should help the fight along."

"Then you think—?" she dared ask.

"I know that he's living. The heat—those towels, however you hit on it was fairly sound. You did what a good doctor does—make use of everything at hand."

David praising her was pain. Rather he remind her of the self she revealed to him tonight.

"We'll have to stay awhile to watch his reaction, Lin, but I'll get you in in time for some rest before the train."

"I'm not going, David."

He made a gesture toward her, then stiffened. "You were months making your decision, Lin. I think it is the one you'll want. Tonight couldn't change that."

Her lips trembled. "Oh, David, but it does. You knew you were right. You had no doubt until I gave it to you. My darling, tonight's the eve of Peace. The Kings brought the rich gifts, but the shepherds came bringing only the poor gifts of themselves. That is all I have for you, David."

His arms were about her. "Such a precious gift, Linda, my own."

Christmas in Catholic Belgium

By EVA J. ROSS

CHRISTMAS is a family festival, and it loses its significance unless Christians deepen their desire to become more Christlike and so to reenact the first gathering of the Holy Family in their poor home at Bethlehem, whose joy no one could duplicate. Although the man is the head of the household, it has ever been the woman's part to make the spirit of the home, to plan for its homelike qualities, including its setting and decorations, its private parties, the means to make all the other members of the family wish to spend their spare time in or near it. So at Christmas time it is the women who must connive to make this family feast reflect some measure of its joyful significance to mankind. The slower imaginations of the menfolk will respond quickly if the setting is correctly planned.

With their usual foresight, girls' Catholic Action groups in Belgium made full use of this very fact, and their Christmas work has always extended until the Catholic festival of January 6, which marks the coming of the Kings. Yet before we explain this work, it seems necessary to "place" Belgium's Catholic Action setting. Of course, we can write only of conditions prior to the German invasion of Belgium in May of this year.

Until recent times, at least, Catholic Action has been much more unified in Belgium than in our own country, partly because the Kingdom is so small, partly because the Catholic Action organization of the whole world owes much to the founder of the Belgian youth movements, Canon Cardyn. Yet at first glance, the Belgian organization seems complicated in the extreme, as will be seen from the following brief descriptions of the youth movements



alone, whose age limits range from fourteen to twenty-five.

First, there are five main interest-divisions to be understood. *Jocisme* is for young industrial workers only, although it includes, too, domestic servants in city households, and manual workers of all types living in the towns. The Belgians, as all the peoples of European countries, are class conscious, and Catholic Action necessarily follows class lines and their varying distinctions. Although Belgium is highly industrialized, not all the population labors in the factories, workshops, and households within the industrial system. Quick to see Catholic needs, therefore, Canon Cardyn, himself the son of an industrial worker, soon founded organizations for youth not only in industry, but for agricultural workers, too. The latter became *Jacistes*. Then, following *Jacisme*, came *Jecisme* for students in high schools and technical colleges, *Juc-*

isme for university students, and *Jicisme* for the rest, mainly the bourgeois and the middle classes, but including the aristocracy as well.

Secondly, each of these five interest-divisions has in Belgium four sections. In other countries only two sections would be needed for each division—one for boys and young men, and one for girls and women. But in Belgium there is an especial need of separate sections within both the boys' and girls' groups, for Flemings and Walloons. These correspond to the two "racial" divisions of the country. The two peoples speak distinct languages, and the Walloons want their literature and general talks to be in French, while the Flemings require Flemish.

To simplify such complications, this article will be confined to the two girls' sections of the *Jiciste* group—J.I.C.F., (*Jeunesse Indépendente Catholique Féminine*) for the Walloon members, and V.K.B.J., (*Vrouwelijke Katholieke Burgers-en Middenstands Jeugd*) for the Flemish. These groups include society girls and young women, professional workers, girls who stay at home and help the family, either in the household or in the family business. For lack of a better name, in French they are called the "Independentes." More accurately, the Flemish term them the "Bourgeois and Middle Classes."

The headquarters of the Walloon girls' *Jiciste* group, with its four thousand and more members, is in Brussels. The Flemish girls' section, which includes over nine thousand members, has its separate office, with separate president, chaplain, and office staff, in the Flemish city of Ghent. Each of the groups works separately, and has its special method of approach, its special directors'

bulletins, and its separate illustrated monthly. But for the big feasts of the year, including Christmas, the two sections work in harmony, for the aim of both groups is the same—to bring a true Christian spirit to the members *within their family circle*, and from this focal point to move outward, for the eventual Christianization of the world.

Although the population of Belgium is but eight million—less than one-sixteenth of the population of the United States—over thirteen thousand Catholic girls and young women between the ages of 14 and 25 belong to this *Jiciste* movement alone. The smaller membership among the Walloons is largely due to the fact that the Walloons form the greater proportion of the city populations, so that the temptation to “modern” irreligious outlooks, added to their more “flighty” character than the rather stolid Flemings, makes them harder to organize and more susceptible to the giving up of the Faith. Yet, despite its lesser membership, the Christmas and Easter campaigns of the Walloon section have influenced a greater number, at least if one judges by numerical results.

What did the *Jicistes* do for Christmas in years past? First of all, of course, there has been the individual spiritual preparation, and then the apostolic work—the twin aspects of Catholic Action. Apart from Christmastime, each member is always asked to make a short meditation daily, out of the available meditation books especially prepared for the sections by their respective chaplains. Abbé Mampaey, chaplain of the Walloon section, is indeed a spiritual writer of some note. At Christmastime, these meditations naturally cover the spirit of the period.

All the members of the local parish *Jiciste* groups cannot go to Mass and Communion daily, but each member is asked to sign up for a particular day each week. This practice is also one for all the year round. On the chos-

en day, the member goes to church, not only for her own spiritual benefit, but to pray for the success of her fellow-members who are not able to be there. During Advent, her particular prayer is, of course, for the success of the Christmas campaign.

Every month, too, members are asked to see that copies of their monthly paper, with its attractive articles and pictures, are sold to girls and young women who do not as yet belong to their Catholic Action group. The Walloon section distributed over 165,000 booklets during Lent last year, to exhort readers to make their Easter duties—stressing the benefits of peace of heart, in contrast to the horrors of internal war. This Easter campaign had very tangible results. Over 12,000 members and their friends made a public Easter Communion.

The intensive work of the *Jiciste* Christmas Campaign has been directed toward bringing the spirit of Christmas to the home and to others. In Belgium, as in many Catholic countries, the joyous feasting of Christmas begins with the *reveillon* on Christmas Eve. The original Christian motive was to hold a party of welcome to the Christ Child within the family circle, but the whole

family would go together to Midnight Mass, and would also gather in prayer round the family crib. In our more pagan days, the *reveillon* sometimes includes feasting right up to the churchgoing time, or it may omit the churchgoing entirely, and have no meaning other than worldly enjoyment and revelry. Thus the Christian significance of the *reveillon* and of the ensuing Midnight Mass, the welcome of the Christ Child in the hearts of all, vanishes completely.

For several years now *Jiciste* members have been asked at Christmas to see that the *reveillon* is kept in their own family circle, not only as an occasion of family rejoicing, but as a family religious gathering, too. In general they are asked, therefore, to insure that their family does not make the *reveillon* too worldly, and not themselves to accept invitations to parties of the wrong type away from their homes. Moreover, they are urged to see that a crib has a place of honor in their home. Often it is not within their province to dictate the type of party to be given by their family, or to accept or refuse Christmas invitations. The parents may attend to this. Then the work of the *Jiciste* may indeed become hard, though the apostolic effects will be proportionately greater. Fathers and mothers, older brothers, and more worldly sisters must be persuaded to forego such pleasure. Persuasion of this kind is not a matter of but asking once. Often it means complete failure the first year. Failure, and sometimes mockery from one's family and acquaintances; their disapproval too.

Here is the test of the worth of Catholic Action training. Has she failed? Then the *Jiciste* member is recommended to spend a year, if needs be, trying by a changed character, by her tenderness and thoughtfulness, her kindness and sensible yet real spirituality, to acquire a practical influence over her family before the next Christmas season comes around. Easy? Let the



Woodcuts by James Reid

scoffer try it, if his or her family does not always do as he asks them to do, or if his family has become a little lax in its religious practices and regards him as a "pious sissy" or, worse, an interfering busybody. And if she gains her point? Maybe she must plan a *reveillon* so attractive that the family will insist on a repetition the next year, else, at that time, she might again be faced with failure. The *Jiciste* organization must help its members provide for this latter danger by the provision of well-thought-out plans, accounts of the ideas of others, and thought-provoking suggestions.

Nor does the Christmas work of the *Jiciste* end with this. Once more a digression is needed, to enable the reader to understand the peculiarity of the situation which is involved. Readers must know that in Belgium, particularly among the Walloons, the number of family businesses is manifold. Anyone who has visited the Kingdom will remember the infinite variety of small "neighborhood stores," for as soon as the city dweller saves a little cash, he thinks of the purchase of a tiny *pâtisserie* (pastry shop), or of a *delicatessen* store, a hat shop, a hairdressers' establishment, a shop for the purchase of newspapers, notepaper, and ink, or one for vegetables and fruit, or an emporium which stocks needles and pins, collars and handkerchiefs—he can discover an infinite variety of things to sell. So the streets of the Belgian town somewhat resemble toy editions of the shops one finds, say, between 137th and 145th Streets on New York's Broadway.

The problem of the *Jiciste* has been first and foremost, how to reach the large number of Catholic families who, because of competition, often open their shops on Sundays, and hence develop a somewhat irreligious attitude. Having penetrated there, the next problem has been how, through these tiny business owners, to extend the Christmas message to the neighborhood.

The first question was solved by the agitation of *Jiciste* daughters of these small business owners, exhorting their fathers to close the store. This campaign was helped by the other *Jiciste* members refraining from the purchase of goods on Sunday, and inducing other members of their family to make a like absten-

tion. For the past several years, the second problem has found its answer in the promotion of the idea of a Christmas crib in each shop window from before Christmas to the Feast of the Epiphany.

Again, the *Jiciste* daughters of shopkeepers had to put their powers of persuasion to the test. First they must prevail upon their fathers that a tastefully executed crib in the family store would attract rather than repel prospective customers. This would be the start. Then these same daughters must make their statements true in practice, by arranging a crib which would be sufficiently attractive in its originality and finished detail. Frequently spiritual results might come from the very presence of the crib, which directs the thoughts of the family, customers, and passers-by to the true meaning of the Christmas season.

WHEN we learn that in 1939 Flemish *Jiciste* members of the V.K.B.J. erected 3,400 cribs in shop windows; and when we discover that the number of cribs erected by Walloon members grew from 922 in 1936 to the grand total of almost 6,000 in 1939, then indeed we can in some way visualize the Christmas influence of these Belgian girls. These numbers do not include the thousands of private cribs erected in the *Jiciste* homes, nor the thousands of truly Christian Christmas cards distributed by the members.

Nor must we fail to note the excellence of execution of these shop-window cribs. "Make them out of the materials which you sell in your store," *Jiciste* headquarters commanded. "Only be original; and do not fail to do a finished, worthy job." So here, in a bakery, long French rolls are propped up to form a cave, with an opening in the front; a hollowed-out round roll under this erection is the crib for the Christ Child statue. There, at the delicatessen, we find a manger with the attendant figures on a foreground of potato salad, Brussels sprouts, radishes, and parsley, against a background of long leeks. Here, a lumpy crib is formed of potatoes, with stepping places for the lambs, and the Child nestling in one hollowed out in the middle of the pile. There, the inside of a straw hat is used—the Christ child in a manger at the edge of the crown, with statues of Our

Lady and St. Joseph on the brim.

Again, a draper's store may have some tastefully graduated bolts of cloth extended as a background for conventional statues. Or a tailor will rest the Babe on a card of sewing silk for manger, with a background of a few pieces of colored cloth, and a pair of scissors with points opened downward to represent the cave. Or some Christmas paper is made into a wigwam cove, with a few shreds of macaroni for straw around the manger.

Human beings need more than humanly unrewarded zeal to spur them on to their best efforts. So the *Jiciste* headquarters made pious use of the rivalries of maidens by organizing competitions in the various neighborhoods, where *Jiciste* votes accord places of honor to those who show most originality and skill. Public exhibitions, too, have been held in important centers in past years, to encourage merchants unconnected with *Jicisme* to see the sales-value if not the spiritual benefit of Christmas cribs. Sometimes, at these exhibitions, hundreds of orders have been taken for cribs, to be later displayed in the purchasers' stores. Thus the *Jiciste* Christmas work is spread.

Important work, this organization of Belgian middle-class youth, of which these brief notes on *Jiciste* aims and methods are all too insufficient. One could write for long hours on the stress which *Jicisme* lays on the influence which can be spread by young girls through self-culture, by means of travel, games, science, art; by attendance at good lectures, concerts, plays; by development of precision of thought by creative writing. To do everything well for Christ, is the *Jiciste* motto. To develop one's initiative, to perfect oneself by cultural activities, to learn how to run a modern household, since such knowledge is indispensable for the woman who wishes to fill her normal social role—such are the main exhortations to the members which *Jiciste* headquarters constantly publish.

To be a Catholic wholly, in the development of one's gifts, and in the happy Christian living of one's life, surely all Catholic girls and women, and men too, can learn something from Belgium and its Catholic Action ambitions and activities of youth. Certainly its Christmas work might well be copied.

Hemingway's Latest

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

IN PREVIOUS papers for this magazine I have referred to the occupational disease of book reviewers: their bestowal of superlatives on at least a dozen books a week. Their fever chart shot dizzily upward with the publication of Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Their notices might make one imagine he was reading a desperate producer's review of his own show. Three features of the novel got particular attention: its social significance, its love story, its execution. My remarks, rudely at odds with those of such of my betters as Robert E. Sherwood, Dorothy Parker, Clifton Fadiman, and John Chamberlain, will be similarly directed.

Robert Jordan, a young American whose rule is act first, think afterward, is a dynamiter with the Loyalist army. He is assigned to destroy a Nationalist-held mountain bridge at the very moment when a Loyalist offensive opens. His operation must be perfectly timed, if it is to thwart the opposition. Jordan goes behind the Nationalist lines to join a band of Loyalist guerrillas. The head of this group, Pablo, was, at the war's start, a tough, swift-acting, hard-hitting leader. He has now turned cowardly. His woman, Pilar, who formerly lived with a number of matadors and who speaks a compound of blasphemy, billingsgate, and bawdry, is a fanatic for the cause.

Among the people in the Pablo-Pilar entourage is the girl Maria, slowly recovering from the horrors inflicted on her by Nationalist soldiers. In the three days he has to plan his job, Jordan must cope with all manner of difficulties, the worst being treachery and disorganization. But he finds plenty of opportunity to sleep with Maria. The Loyalist attack is aborted; nevertheless, Jordan blows up the bridge. Trying to escape, he meets with an accident which means death.

Running like a master motif through the book is this assertion: "The future of the human race can turn . . . on everything that happens in this war . . . If this war is lost,

all of those things are lost." With an assist from the reviewers, I find that "those things" include liberty, decency, the rights of the proletariat, etc. The fate of mankind, then, rests with the Loyalists.

I doubt it. There is abundant evidence in the book to support such a doubt. I cannot discover that these people stand for any of the qualities which can salvage a reeling world. I have space for but one example in support of my incredulity. Hemingway shows the Loyalist cause to have been Communist-dominated. The significance of this fact the reviewers have either missed or chosen to ignore.

In the story the Loyalists fly Russian planes, use other Russian equipment, have as their symbol the red star, are controlled by political commissars (the Soviet system, very recently abandoned in Russia). They make wry jokes about "Spanish peasants" who speak Russian. The real headquarters for the cause is Gaylord's Hotel in Madrid, which "the Russians had taken over." There the Communists have the best of everything: "It seemed too luxurious and the food was too good." Karkov (an old Spanish name, if ever I saw one), a *Pravda* correspondent, is "one of the three most important men in Spain" because he is "in direct communication with Stalin."

Could this Stalin-bossed cause possibly be the sole shining hope of humanity? For an answer we should go to the terrorized Russian masses, to the Poles, to the Finns, to the Estonians, to the Latvians

As for the love story, it is no love story at all. It is a story of animal passion, wholly on the sensual level. It is surely significant that in all the talk of love in this book, there is no hint that there exists a relationship between sex and the procreation of children. Robert and Maria meet, they use each other, they are separated by death. This is the Hemingway pattern in matters sexual: a quick, violent affair, cut short before the disillusionment inevitable from such a careless encounter sets in.

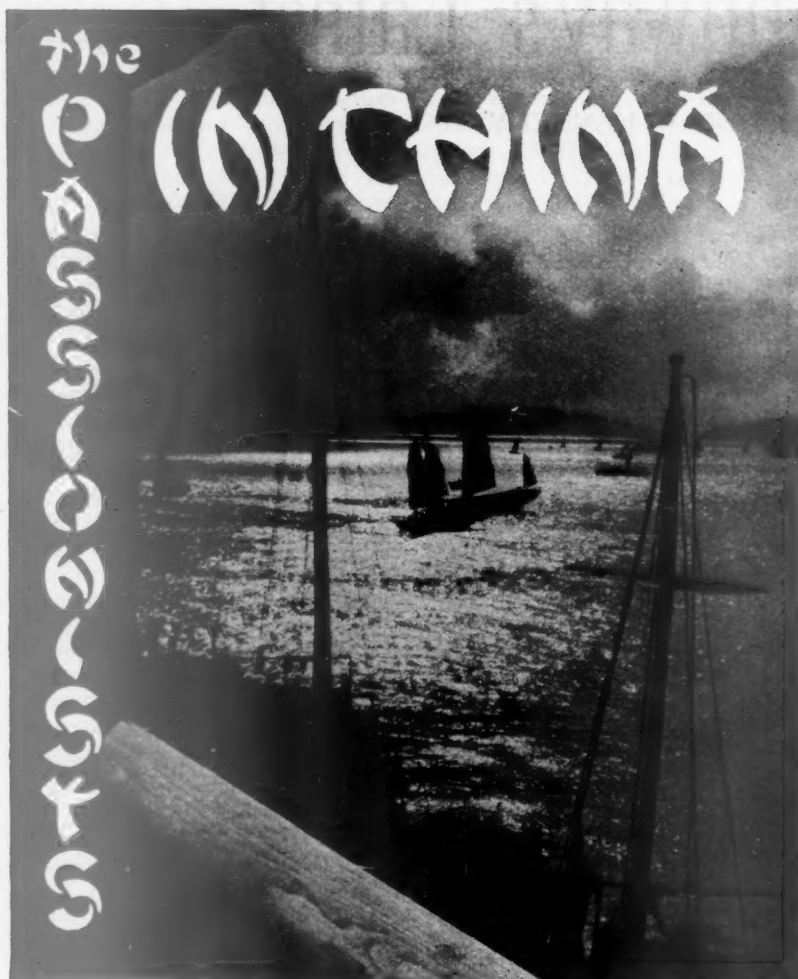
There is nothing grand or moving about it, although the reviewers think there is, misled as they are by the sentimentality with which Hemingway drenches it.

I question the judgment that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* will be a landmark in English prose. To deny that Hemingway has extraordinary ability is to fly in the face of plain fact. His writing has punch. But there is nothing titanic about it, and it has neither perceptibly grown nor been painstakingly improved. Some of the reviewers have spoken of the advances made by Hemingway in this book. In the early pages his familiar devices, such as the Steiniesque constant repetition of a certain word, are used, and occasionally thereafter they reappear. There is a change evident as the book proceeds, but I should certainly not call it an improvement. Concision was supposed to be Hemingway's characteristic, and a good characteristic it was. But here we have a diffuseness that amounts to garrulity and becomes at times opaque with many words.

The narrative is, in the main, deplorably managed. What happens is confined to three days and, of its nature, should be exciting. But the telling is interminable.

Much has been said of Hemingway's literal rendition of colloquial Spanish in his construction of dialogue. What creative genius is required to set down a mess of sometimes incredible profanity and obscenity, I cannot see. A great writer is not a literary garbage collector.

It must be said that there are some breathless action scenes, that there are some feeling descriptions of the Spanish countryside, and that there are some incisive character drawings (Anselmo and Comrade Marty, for example). If Hemingway has improved at all, it is in his ability to give new dimensions to some of the minor figures in his story. But the book is negligible as an artistic achievement, and as a document of social significance it is muddled to the point of being painfully and hopelessly sophomoric.



Gendreau Photo

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS

By SISTER ETHELBERTA

OVER the dusty back roads of China, in the hot summer months of this year, traveled a figure which must have seemed amazingly out of place to the natives of the inner provinces. She was a lady past middle age, slight of build, her face drawn with weariness. Her garb would have been familiar enough in the cities and towns of New Jersey, yet it was most odd to the Chinese peasants, soldiers, business men, and housewives who looked after her as she passed. Her name was Sister

Finan, a Sister of Charity of Convent Station, N. J.

Trudging afoot, jouncing on the hard benches of buses and trucks, sweltering under the tropical oppressiveness of an Indo-Chinese summer, Sister Finan made her arduous way back to the United States. For sixteen years she had toiled at her post in the foreign mission field of the Church. Now, in obedience to her Superiors, she was taking time off.

But it was to be only a furlough. The rest that would accompany her

visit to her homeland, was, as far as she was concerned, of secondary consideration. She had a story to tell, and she was going to tell it to whoever would heed her. And after that she was going to get back to her beloved Chinese.

Perhaps most of the readers of THE SIGN will not have the opportunity to see or hear Sister Finan. That will be your loss; although she would be the last to put it that way. She seeks no vulgar publicity. She merely yearns with all the earnestness of a truly apostolic soul to enkindle some of that "fire on the earth," which our Lord came to light. In this brief space, we endeavor to present a summary review of Sister's missionary career. It is a story of splendid courage and rugged endurance, and of shining Faith.

Sister Finan was a member of the first group of the Sisters of Convent Station to leave for Hunan, in 1924. Ten months later, after overcoming the most discouraging obstacles to their progress into the interior, the five pioneers arrived in Yüanling. Two days later, Sister Finan, a registered nurse, opened a Medical Dispensary. A Mission School, Orphanage, Catechumenate, and Industrial School were opened within the next few months. The work of the Sisters of Charity had started in Hunan.

Famine raised its head, and the Sisters turned all their attention to the care of the poor, often carrying food from door to door to save from starvation families too ill to come to the convent for rice.

In 1927 Communism spread through the city. The religious were marked, and the day set for their "liquidation." They were to be beaten to death. For many years afterward, we kept the clubs the Reds were to have used upon us. A General who was kindly disposed to the work of the Church, and who had seen the charity of Sister Finan during the famine of the preceding year, asked for a delay, to give the Sisters time to leave the city.

Down the long river to Shanghai they went, to spend the time in the study of the Chinese language. After nine months of terror, the Government decreed that the promotion of Communism was punishable by death. The Sisters determined to return to their Mission.

All Consuls refused permission. The Apostolic Delegate, however,

sent for Sister Finan and her companions, and gave his approval to their desire to go back and begin again the work of the Church. Archbishop Constantini gave each Sister his blessing, and bade them take up once more the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, reminding them that our Divine Saviour Himself had healed the sores of the poor, and provided food for their bodies, as well as for their souls. He told the Sisters that he understood how dangerous their mission field would be, but assured them that God would take care of them.

The following years were hard ones, and it was almost impossible to get established. Month after month the Sisters had to abandon their convent, and leave the city for a few weeks. Up until 1931, they had left the Mission nine times, only to return and start from the beginning.

In 1929 permission was given by the Apostolic Delegate to open a native Novitiate. What a tribute to Sister Finan and her companions, that in the midst of such chaotic conditions, they had kept the Holy Rule and were judged worthy of training native Sisters. Miss Marie Twan was the first candidate received, and Mary Chang the second postulant. Both Sisters have been an edification to their people and have done much for the Community and for God in China. Sister Mary Joseph was not to be with us for long. In a few short years, God found her worthy to be taken to Himself.

In 1932 Sister Devota died. Sister Finan felt her loss very much, but also realized that Sister would assist her from Heaven to carry on the mission work.

In 1933 a new group was sent to the Mission. Sister Finan had more help in the dispensary, but still she was the only nurse in the district, and the health of the Fathers and Sisters depended on her. The nearest dentist was 600 miles away. Very often Sister Finan was called upon to fill aching teeth, and many times to extract them. She soon became an expert in diagnosing the diseases of the Orient. Her few leisure hours were spent in looking up the uses of Chinese herbs, and in the study of books on Chinese diseases. Often she translated them into English.

The magistrate gave Sister Finan permission to visit the jail, an al-

most unheard of thing in the interior. She was likewise given full charge of administering all the vaccinations in the city. Many times when the officials foresaw the coming of a plague, they would call on Sister Finan to help avert it. The people loved to come to the dispensary, and to have Sister visit them.

Her worries were legion. Bubonic plague broke out while they were in Chenki. Smallpox, cholera, and malaria would often keep her on the go from morning until night.

The Dispensary was not Sister Finan's only care. She was elected to membership on the city School Board. Our Grammar School was registered within two months after it was opened, and permission given to open a High School, a great honor for a young Community in China.

In 1937 came the war. As the Government hoped to move wounded soldiers into the interior, we opened a hospital. Since it was impossible to build one, the Boys' School was used. Sister Finan organized a training school for nurses. After a few months the Sisters were able to get a Doctor, but he later moved further into the interior with the refugees.

In 1939 Mother Concilio appointed two Sister nurses to the Missions. Unable to get into Hunan over the regular route, they had to fly part of the way. They arrived just when Sister Finan needed their help more than she had ever needed it before. Without them it would have been impossible to do 24 hour duty; yet Sister Finan would have

attempted even this, if it were necessary. Yüanling was too far inland to be used as a receiving station for the wounded soldiers from the battle lines. Those moving to the front, however, visited the dispensary and the hospital for treatment. Even the pagans asked for Our Lady's medal, and for prayers.

On August 18th the city was bombed, and during the entire raid Sister Finan was on duty, as she felt that it was her office to stay with those who were unable to get away. The Sisters worked day and night taking care of the burned and wounded, even visiting the homes to try to rescue those buried under dirt and fallen walls. Many were baptized, and many begged the Sisters to stay with them and pray until their sufferings were over.

The refugee problem was another source of worry to Sister Finan. Thousands of little children were moved into the interior. Every day she visited the boats and tried to help those who were ill and to baptize the dying. She offered to take 100 war orphans, and the Government graciously accepted the offer. But God willed otherwise, for they were sent to another Province.

The unexpected always happens in the mission field. Sister Finan received a shock when she was asked to return to the Mother House to transact business, which it would be almost impossible to conduct by mail. She was ready in a day, and after a long, tiresome trip reached Convent in August.

Try to visualize the energetic figure of a Sister of Charity, moving through this recital of facts and dates, dauntless in the face of staggering obstacles. With unwavering faith in God, and burning devotion to the Church, she is doing the work laid out for her. She is not a creation of the imagination, as the heroines of fiction. She has not reached for the empty glories of the world. She has spent herself unselfishly with a zeal that deserves the sincere gratitude of all who are desirous of furthering God's Kingdom on earth.

We ask the readers of *THE SIGN* to pray for the success of Sister Finan's mission here in the United States; and for her return to Hunan, and where we trust God will give her many more years to labor for Him in His vineyard.



Sister Mary Finan

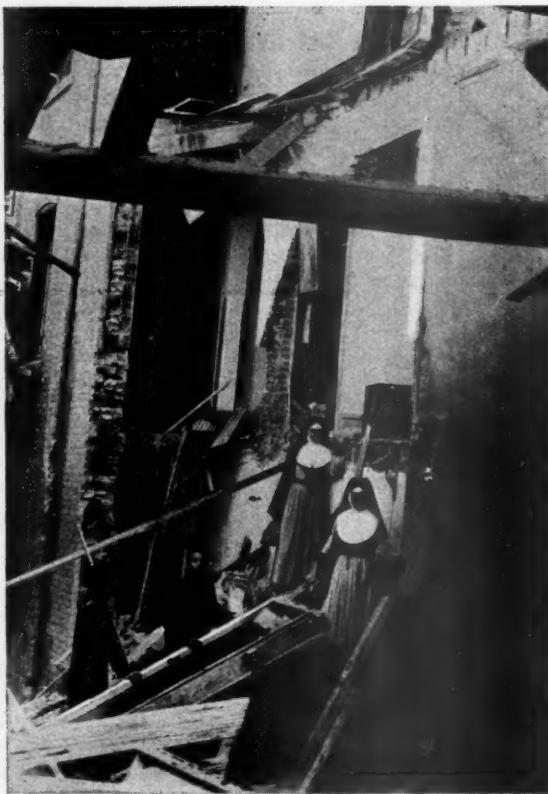
Total War Comes

IT WAS early Wednesday afternoon, September 4. For the first time in several weeks the air alarm had sounded that morning at 11 o'clock. The usual preparations had been made in the Mission: two large American flags had been prominently displayed; the Blessed Sacrament had been removed; a handful of valuable personal effects had been gathered together; the hospital patients had been escorted to a place of safety; the priests, Sisters and Mission personnel had gone out of the threatened city.

The exodus that morning was noticeably large, and in the light of following events it proved most fortunate. Constant streams of people issued from the four city gates, and like columns of frightened ants threaded in and out among the rice fields toward the distant hills. Their pace was hastened by a glance at the little flag signaling the number of oncoming Japanese planes. This morning the flag showed red and white, indicating anywhere from twenty-seven to a whole "blitzkrieg" were on the way.

Shortly after the first alarm, the "urgent" warning had been sounded. Half an hour of silence followed. Then afar off the dreaded drone of planes was heard. In a few moments it passed into silence. Another leaden hour dragged on. Once more the muffled hum of motors reached our ears, and again faded away without a single plane being seen.

Believing the planes had already unloaded their cargoes of death and had returned to their base, we made for the Mission refugee camp and its cooling shade. Sitting there, we were discussing the morning events. A green-pear peddler passed the door. Fr. William, the pastor of



The Sisters' Convent had been struck and part of the roof whisked away as chaff by the wind

Chihkiang, called out to him: "Did you come from the city?"

"No," he answered, "they wouldn't let me in; said there were more planes heading this way." We politely smiled at this bit of information, but inwardly concluded "just another wild rumor."

Less than five minutes later, however, a commotion was heard outside. A head appeared in the doorway and yelled, "The planes are coming." We put wings to our feet. In an instant we were in the open. Outside we heard the low hum of distant motors. We ran for fifty yards and the hum became more and more ominous. Like panting hounds on the heels of their prey the death-dogs of modern warfare came persistently on.

"Lie down," called out Fr. William. No one needed a second invitation, for a lying position meant safety from flying shrapnel.

The planes were now directly overhead, flying in perfect formation of threes like so many heads of arrows. There were eighteen in this the advance squadron. Suddenly beneath the planes appeared a shower

To Chihkiang

By RUPERT
LANGENBACHER

of silver spangles shimmering in the bright sunlight. Bombs! A pause—and then death and destruction from the skies.

We hugged closer and closer to the "good earth" as bombs whistled, screamed, and broke with the fury of hell itself. The ground trembled, then shook violently. A brief silence, possibly a moment, but it seemed to span eternity—then a second downpour of bombs. Another recommending of ourselves to God, and again silence. Once more the terror of a nerve-straining moment; and now the third storm broke loose. The earth quaked

more violently than ever; one wondered if death was not close at hand. The deafening din subsided. We had escaped unhurt. Thank God! was the heartfelt prayer of all.

Thirty-six planes had poured destruction on our city. Mountainous clouds of smoke were rising, while the crackling of burning buildings reached our ears. Although our Mission was not even five hundred yards away, we knew not whether it had been struck. Fr. William decided to risk going into the city to see for himself. Having the Blessed Sacrament, I remained with the Sisters.

In less than half an hour the many fires started by incendiary bombs and fanned by a northeast wind were spreading rapidly. The bone-dry wooden homes and shops were as oil to the flames. From moment to moment, the fire hazard to the Mission grew.

Finally thin spirals of smoke could be seen close to the church. I determined then to follow Fr. William back into the city. Crossing the bridge over the river, I met Fr. William returning. He told me there

was apparently little hope of saving the Mission, as it had been badly hit in several places.

Together we made our way back. So vast had been the destruction just outside the Mission, that even the location itself seemed strangely unrecognizable. A bomb of heavy caliber had dropped twenty feet from the main entrance and wrought terrific damage. Flames fifty feet high were advancing less than half a block from the Mission walls. In fact fast-approaching fires were threatening the Mission on three sides. The heat was almost unbearable.

Once inside the shattered gate, I was stunned at the sight before me. That morning all had been pleasing to the eye. The picture had been made up of a group of buildings of which our Most Reverend Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., might well be proud. The church, convent, rectory, dispensary, orphanage, temporary hospital, and helpers' quarters had been entirely completed and no additional buildings would have been required for years to come. And now all was a scene of indescribable destruction.

The priests' house had been literally blown apart. A huge bomb had dropped almost on the front porch itself. A yawning crater 25 feet in diameter gave silent evidence of its size and power.

The Sisters' convent had been struck with a second bomb. A part of the roof and walls had been whisked away as chaff by the wind.

A number of the Mission personnel and refugees had entered the city with Fr. William's special "pass," and had followed close on our heels. Fr. William directed them in salvaging as much of the Mission goods as possible. All the while flames were advancing almost to our very walls.

I entered the church. Parts of the roof had been blown off and a large portion of the ceiling had fallen over the Communion rail. On the altar the metal crucifix was intact but candlesticks were broken; while in the nave of the church layers of dirt and broken tile completed the heart-sickening scene.

A number of helpers rushed through the shattered rooms of the convent and orphanage carrying out, or throwing from the windows, all that could be saved. Others of us

hurriedly ransacked the sacristy and priests' house, stumbling over wreckage of every description. Doors, windows, and chairs had been smashed and hurled in every direction.

As the dispensary had not been so badly damaged it was quickly turned into a storehouse. But no sooner had most of the goods been stored—and all in less than half an hour—than all our labors seemed to have been in vain. For the flames in the meantime had come most dangerously close, and we feared lest not only the remaining buildings but ourselves would be destroyed in the fire. Grabbing the most valuable articles, we left the Mission, giving it up for lost.

Not half a block had been covered when Fr. William turned back. He had forgotten something of value to the Sisters. Thinking he would soon return, we waited. Seeing no signs of him, we concluded he would follow after or take another route. We then sought an avenue of escape. First we tried the south gate but found our passage blocked by hot tiles and glowing embers. We next turned toward the north gate, but arrived just too late. The flames had reached it first. As a last resort we retraced our steps to the Mission. There we discovered Fr. William with a small group of helpers waging a stubborn battle with some of the already burning buildings. Thanks to God's Providence the wind had changed for a short time at a critical period. Due to this and the heroic efforts of the fire-fighters, we had that night at least a roof over our heads.

While the outcome of the fire was still in question, Sister Mary Mark, the Superioress, and Sisters Mary

Catherine and Mary Magdalena appeared in the midst of the danger. How they succeeded in entering the city, burning on all sides, and making their way through streets filled with all manner of debris, seemed quite a mystery and a feat of great bravery.

Fr. William directed a final attack on the still defiant flames. It was not until more than an hour later, and only after the fire had demolished another brick building formerly used as the Sisters' convent, that the last flames were extinguished.

Totaling up our own losses for that fateful day we saw it equaled: one priests' house and convent practically destroyed, one church badly damaged, one orphanage, one dispensary, one temporary hospital also damaged. Four other buildings used for guests and Mission helpers were destroyed beyond recognition.

Little by little from an insignificant beginning the Chihkiang Mission has grown to laudable proportions. For 18 years the Passionist Fathers have here zealously tended the Master's flock. For the past 14 years the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Baden, Pa., have been their indefatigable co-workers. The present personnel of Sisters consists of Sister Mary Mark, the Superioress; Sisters Mary Christina, Mary Magdalena, Mary Rosario, and Mary Catherine. From their hands and those of their predecessors tens of thousands have benefited by medical skill and spiritual aid.

The big question to be faced now is, "Shall God's poor continue to receive the usual aid for body and soul at the Chihkiang Mission?"



The priests' house had been blown apart. Fr. Rupert stands beside the mine crater

CHINA PASSAGE

By SISTER SEBASTIAN



Illustrated by WEDA YAP

IF YOU are squeamish about smells, when traveling from Shanghai to Haiphong I would advise you to await a trans-Pacific liner as far as Hong Kong. For those vessels that ply between the above ports carry live cows, sheep, and goats, and the air is not so conditioned that the obnoxious odors are carried out to sea.

The first-class compartment is exceptionally clean and comfortable. The culinary department provides as delectable, though perhaps not as variegated, dishes as the big liners. In the dining salon are long tables at which may be seated eight persons, forcing one to be sociable whether he wants to or not. The waiters are immaculately clean in their white suits and white gloves. Each has his own special service, for all diners are served from a common dish, each one helping himself to the various courses that follow in quick succession around the table. The most annoying thing on these vessels is the "blackout," for imaginary, fantastic figures appear to be lurking in every corner as you walk around the deck.

When we reached the dock at Haiphong, the patter of bare feet sounded along the wharf as many coolies dashed toward us to take our baggage to the Custom House. An overheated French official opened one bag and told us we might go on. That afternoon we took a train for Hanoi. The streets are wide and clean, lined with shops displaying jewelry, perfumes, and gowns from Paris. Annamites with their blackened teeth and betel-stained lips,

walking very erect, thronged the streets. They have the most beautiful and graceful figures I have ever seen. From the hotel window we could look down upon the sidewalk cafés in a blaze of light, where animated talk and laughter and the sound of sweet music told us that, for the present, all troubles had gone with the wind. Because of a washout on the railroad, we secured tickets from here to Kunming by airplane.

The next morning we left for the airport at 7:30. It was a warm, sunny day. In less than half an hour we arrived at the field. There rested a big, silver-winged ship—a mechanism of power and beauty. The mechanics were systematically making a final rigid inspection of the ship. The motor hummed. Within the terminal passengers and baggage were being subjected to a critical examination by Custom officials. In a short time, all was ready. The passengers and pilot entered. Slowly and smoothly we sailed across the field and rose into the air. Tense and eager, I watched as we soared higher and higher, far away from earthly things. Through clouds and above clouds we climbed to emerge again with the blue sky above and a perfect fairyland below.

The clay-built huts with thatched roofs, and blue smoke curling from door and windows, situated in the midst of bamboo groves and terraced rice fields, gave evidence of human life; though from ethereal heights you might expect to see Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs skipping

about, or Ferdinand the Bull prancing over the plain. The farmlands in various geometric figures, with each division having its own peculiar coloring consequent upon the taste of the farmer, the mountains covered with shrubs in their varied hues of green, brown, and yellow, and streams like silver ribbons, made a wonderland of the earth.

As we arrived near Kunming the assistant air-pilot came through the plane and drew the curtains. These precautions, I am told, are taken to prevent passengers from taking pictures of the landing field in these troublous times. I peered through a slight opening. Down, down we came, circling the field and landing with a slight thud in the lap of mother earth. The China Travel Service, second to none in efficiency, had a bus ready to take us to our destination.

Kunming is a large city with a labyrinth of narrow dirty alleys, although the sidewalks of the main street are as wide as those of any American city. Sentries are posted at distances of about 200 yards to check the advance of the pedestrian or window gazer who dares to violate the law by not walking on the left sidewalk when going up the city and the right when coming down. Should you see something you wish to buy on the opposite side of the street, you are obliged to tread your way precariously among the dashing rickshaws running hither and thither; or proceed to that part of the city less controlled by the law custodian and

come down on the opposite side. Should you be a stranger in the city you will probably walk past your desired goal, making it necessary, if you are eager to obtain the article, to cross to the other side and repeat the trip.

On our arrival at Kunming we discovered that Father Sullivan's truck, which was to take us to Yüanling, was parked on the road, two days' travel from that city. He was returning to Yüanling with Sister Teresa Tuan, a French Father, medical supplies, and two barrels of Mass wine, when the motor broke down. Though a skillful mechanic, his supplies were not sufficient to permit even a temporary repair. They were obliged to remain until they could hire a truck to take the motor back to Kunming.

Here we stayed one week until the motor was repaired. Much to our delight we received word to be at the Bishop's house early one morning. Feeling sorry for the rickshaw coolie whom we aroused from his sidewalk bed, we gave him an extra tip. He did not understand that this was a mark of appreciation but regarded it as ignorance on our part and began immediately to argue for more. We ducked through the first gate, for had we started to argue back a crowd would have collected. Here the Chinese has the advantage over you, for his vociferations are such that they delight his audience, much to your chagrin and discomfort.

The truck was drawn up in front of the Bishop's house and we were hauled, or rather pitched into it. As I sat there perched on coils of copper wire covered with straw I fervently thanked Dame Fortune that there was no camera to immortalize the ridiculous scene. In the truck were four Italian Fathers with their baggage, Father Sullivan and the motor for his truck, two Sisters with their baggage, to which was added the baggage of the Sisters who had gone on by plane several months previously.

We finally started off. We rattled along the road until we came to a checking-station. Here we were subjected to Chinese officialdom—passports, life history, and countless details which from now on we were to undergo in every city until we arrived at Yüanling. Here our driver decided to distribute the foreigners in different trucks so that when we

got beyond the confines of the city he could take on passengers from whom he could exact a good squeeze. Everyone does this in China, from the lowliest coolie to the highest official. The four Italian Fathers with their bags were put on one truck; we were transferred to another. To this Father Sullivan strongly objected. They subjected him to much questioning, the final one being: "Do you carry a gun?"

This aroused his suspicions and he decided that we should all return to Kunming. The next day we left with Father Ronald on a salt truck. The Italian Fathers and Father Sullivan were to follow two days later on another. This time we occupied the seats with the driver. Over a long dusty road we bumped through rather flat country and arrived long before nightfall in a small town where we spent the night. Our strange dress invited a crowd whose stares, nudges, grins, and remarks were extremely embarrassing. Having found a hotel we were escorted to a room where little green lizards crawled about the walls. With these I decided to make friends, since they are the enemy of the mosquito, whose nightly band entertainment runs a close second to the Chinese fiddler in his endeavor to keep you awake.

The following morning we were ready to start at 7 A.M., but being at the mercy of our Chinese driver, who just then began to make necessary repairs on his motor, we started off at 11 o'clock. The early morning sun beating down upon us gave promise of stifling heat during the coming day. Clouds of dust arose behind us, hiding everything from view. Extensive

rice fields spread out on either side. Huge buffaloes lay wallowing in the mud; others were standing all but submerged in the stream, while the king of the herd came lumbering along with flattened snout high in the air, his massive horns forming a perfect set of reins for the lad of ten who fearlessly sat astride the back of the huge beast.

We arrived at Ping-I early in the afternoon and were accommodated at the China Travel Service Hotel. Our room fronted on a babbling brook which lulled us to sleep at an early hour, for we were very tired. We started off at 9:30 the next morning. We had not gone more than 20 miles when our truck stalled in the middle of the road. The efforts of the mechanic to repair the damage were futile, so the driver hailed a truck 600 yards ahead. The new driver refused to back up. This made it necessary for Father to carry the baggage piece by piece to our new vehicle. Not even the Chinese dollar is sufficient in the heat of a noon-day sun to induce anyone to assist. Saint Paul may have had his stripes, prisons, drownings, etc., but he never had the experience of bringing Sisters with their baggage over the Indo-China trail into the interior of Hunan.

Our road now circled mountains to their summit and zigzagged down to the plains below. The scenery is remarkably beautiful, but when you stall half way up the cliff, as we did for the second time that day, it robs the scene of much of its attraction. We were obliged to wait patiently for another salt truck to come along to tow us up. No sooner were they hitched together than the truck



in front began to purr and fume and move forward a few paces, only to roll back six. Prompt action by the driver in placing two heavy rocks under the back wheels prevented both trucks from rolling over the precipice. Overturned trucks are not an uncommon sight along this highway.

Fearing that we would have to spend the night on the mountain-side, Father made arrangements with a Red Cross truck to take us to Kweiyang. Here we were cordially received by the Canadian Sisters, who did everything to make us comfortable and at home. We stayed with them four days while Father Sullivan, who had caught up with us, was endeavoring to purchase sufficient gas to take us to Yüanling.

At Kweiyang I witnessed my first air-raid. After the first alarm the Sisters, carrying bedding, entered a sort of dugout lined with boards and covered with withered cornstalks. I couldn't see where this gave much protection, so I remained in the open. Fifteen planes in wild-geese formation glided above us. As they circled over the outskirts of the city they instantly broke formation.

I was fascinated by one dazzling silver body with its nose pointed directly west. It fell into a dive down through a layer of clouds, in a death-like spin. With lightning rapidity it balanced itself and hung in mid-air, to spit balls of destruction close to the city limits, then glided gracefully off, ignoring the devastation in its wake. Exploding bombs thundered in our ears, and loud reverberations echoed from the surrounding hills. I looked into the faces of the two Sisters who had come out from their hiding place, and each simultaneously asked: "What will be the casualties today? Who will be among the missing?" These are days of nervous tension for men, women, and children.

That evening we were informed that we were to leave at 6 o'clock the next morning. What a glorious day! As I approached the truck I wondered where we were all going to find place, for even had it been provided with straps I couldn't see where we would find standing room. In addition to the cargo already described, there were five Fathers, each with two large bags, and two Sisters with eight bags. In we piled. The Sisters sat in front with the driver,

but looking into the truck all one could think of was the old pillories of Salem.

We started off. The morning mist filled the valleys, giving the appearance of so many beautiful lakes among the hills. Gossamer webs hung from telephone wires, trees, shrubs, and tall grasses. What midnight witchery prompted these little creatures to work so industriously and to select such moorings for their intricate and delicate weavings, which in an hour or two would be completely effaced by the first flush of the morning sun?

That Ford truck deserves a place with Old Ironsides, for undaunted it sped along the serpentine road, around treacherous bends, and up to the top of the high mountains of Kweichow.

Toward noon Father Sullivan asked, "What have you to eat?" The Sisters had given us two roast chickens and three loaves of bread, but like the Gospel story we might say, "What are these among so many?" Father Ronald fetched a chicken from somewhere in back. Just whether the appendages of that bird multiplied in his fingers, I know not, but I never saw so many who "ate and were filled" from so small a supply.

That night we spent within a German mission compound, and those who could eat partook of a Chinese dinner in Chinese fashion. I was escorted to a large room with a bed provided with mosquito netting and drapes reaching to the ground. Although I arranged the net, I was no sooner inside than I heard a familiar hum. I began to itch. I concluded I must have the hives, but the hives began to grow worse until they finally spread from head to foot. I crawled out and lighted a candle and discovered that other pests, which had hidden themselves in the folds of the drapes, had come to join the mosquito in their efforts to oust me from my berth. It was a hectic night, all the more because my companion was sleeping contentedly in a bed without net or curtains. I dressed, although it was only 10:30, and sat in a chair without a back-rest, with my elbows on the table, until morning.

Early next morning we were on our way and at one o'clock we arrived at Chihkiang. Father William and the Sisters gave us a hearty wel-

come and an excellent lunch. This was our first step into home in China. I wished we could have stayed overnight, but we were anxious to reach Yüanling. Here we parted with the Italian Fathers who were on their way to Henyang. Before the mid-day sun had lost its splendor we were on our way again. Rounding one of those treacherous bends, we came upon a truck filled with soldiers. It had banged into the embankment, throwing a young soldier against some sharp projection, causing him to lose his left eye.

We stopped immediately and offered assistance, which the young lieutenant in charge gladly accepted. The Fathers rearranged the baggage, making it as table-like as possible. On this they placed the stretcher with its occupant. In order to make it more comfortable, they left the back door of the truck open. This permitted a current of air. Father Ronald stood on the ledge in back, one hand supporting the stretcher, the other clutching the roof of the truck. In this precarious position he traveled for several miles in the white heat and intolerable glare of a scorching sun. The young lieutenant who accompanied the patient was received as a guest and treated as a guest, for he sat in front with the driver. When we arrived at the first emergency hospital the Fathers placed their charge in the care of a doctor.

Tired and hungry, we reached Chenki at nightfall. Father Quentin extended us a truly genuine welcome. I was like the thirsty traveler on a hot summer's day who encounters a drinking fountain, as I sat down to that American dinner served in American fashion. I was glad to have a knife and fork again in my hands.

After a good night's rest and accompanied by our host, we started the next morning over an excellent road, and in a couple of hours came in sight of Yüanling. The Sisters had come along the road to meet us. Their greeting is better imagined than described. In half an hour we entered the winding path that leads to the convent. Sister Patricia's "*Caed Mille Failthe*" and the excellent dinner she had prepared was a fitting finis for a long and tiresome journey inland. We were at home! Deo Gratias!



WOMAN to WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

Christmas Giving

ONCE again Christmas gift-giving is on the way. Sometimes one becomes actually weary, viewing the many windows filled to repletion and reading the many glowing, luring advertisements, so that one has the unhappy sensation of having eaten too much. One remembers, if one is old enough, the greater simplicity of one's childhood at Christmas time, and the even greater simplicity of stories of one's grandparents' childhood, when oranges were considered a de luxe gift, and a single doll, usually homemade, or a book was a considerable present.

Of course, we have the greatest of precedents for giving gifts. Our Lord Himself, small though He was, received some extremely nice presents. And we have the great example He set us in later years when He gave gifts to people: small gifts, like wine for a party, and loaves and fishes as refreshments after a long sermon, and the greater gifts of bringing back sight and speech and the use of limbs to people, and the mightiest gift of all—His life.

It is true the gifts the Wise Men brought Him were tributes from royalty to a king rather than presents to an ordinary mortal, and it is also true that their symbolism was much greater than any material value they had. In a way, they correspond to three great qualities of the spirit. The gold is faith, the bringing to Him of our best, our dearest, whether of material possessions or the coin of love. The frankincense is our hope. And the myrrh, symbol of sympathy, is charity, covering everything with its fragrance.

All three gifts are, when viewed symbolically, interchangeable, for they all imply—at least for us who believe, as the men from the East did—that the Baby really is a king, and that is love. Hate can bring gifts, too, it is true, as bombed London will testify, but they are always destructive gifts. Only love can build.

Unchristian Hate

THIS came to my mind last week when I read in the papers the statements of two men. One had long been English rector of a great Paris church and he spoke his hate by declaring that the small veneer of German civilization had worn off and "the Germans today are just bandits and savages." He emphasized he meant all Germans. No use then in speaking to him of those in concentration camps—Germans all—of the Catholics and Protestants who have defied that tyranny of hate. Yet it is amazing that this man has apparently never understood the Gospel which he preached so long.

The other was a British vicar who wants the Germans annihilated, and is hopeful of a new and far more terrific explosive to do it. He wants the country wiped off the map and adds these terrible words: "They are an evil race and have been a curse in Europe for centuries." Has he forgotten that the royal house of his own land is mainly German blood? And has he not yet heard of that organization there called the Sword of the Spirit, formed of all faiths to combat hate?

They must speak prayers, these two men, in their churches and in privacy, for they are both still in the ministry. The words they spoke were terrible but more terrific words may be found in the New Testament. "Forgive your enemies." "Judge not that ye be not judged."

Prayer for others must contain something of pity, for pity is the quality of suffering with someone else and that is the essence of our Faith. Give, then, of your gold to the poor and sick this Christmas time, and of your sympathy. But give, too, the frankincense of your prayers that it may rise high above all hate.

Spiritual Training

ONE other thing I hope my readers will do this Christmas. I am reminded of this because I had a good many letters in response to a recent editorial regarding leaving church before the final prayers—or more specifically, taking children away from them. One letter said with an understanding bitterness that it was a sad sight to see hundreds waiting for the Bingo games to start downstairs in her church while a scant two dozen were upstairs assisting at Benediction.

Of course this is only a part of the materialism of our age, from which Catholics are not exempt save by a definite exercising of their free will. It seems really incredible that many people should be waiting for some trifling material prize, and only a few waiting to receive the great Prize offered them all. It is not all their fault either. Much of it is the fault of this happy and free land in which we live, where despite all the wailing about taxes and depressions, there is pleasure, there is freedom, there is happiness such as scarcely anyone in the sad lands across the Atlantic can know.

Emerson once said that any religion which is not necessary will eventually die. Let us then, by a trained understanding of our Faith, which includes the ability to explain it, and by attendance at the smaller offices of the Faith as well as the Mass itself, so be an example to our children and to the world that in the deep troubles that lie ahead we can make sure that there will be no blackout of the Star of Bethlehem.

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

A MAJORITY of the plays produced in the commercial theater each season seem to be designed principally for those pseudo-sophisticates who think virtue is a character left over from the last revival of *Everyman*. From the evidence accumulating every week on Broadway, it would seem that a great many playwrights work with their pens tilted at a 45-degree angle in the general direction of a Hollywood contract and their thoughts floating somewhere midway between Rabelais and Erskine Caldwell.

The authors who write for the theater, the producers who decide what playgoers are to see and hear, and the directors responsible for the subtle touches have long exerted an inordinate influence over the entire field of the drama in this country. Little effort is being made by them to preserve, much less advance, the principles upon which the drama was fostered.

The solution for this situation would seem to rest with the members and leaders of the Little Theater groups and college dramatic societies throughout the country. Their opportunity is a golden one at the present time. The mechanical perfection of the screen and radio has never fully compensated for the loss of the intimacy and uplift of a stage performance. Audiences are waiting. They must be lured into auditoriums by the promise of fine plays, talented casts, and a certain amount of professional polish. They must be brought back a second time by the fulfillment of those promises.

Among the offerings of the second month of the new season were the usual number of expected fail-



Jeanette MacDonald talks with her friend Ian Hunter in MGM's picturization of the Noel Coward operetta, "Bittersweet"

ures, a few surprises, and two examples of that theatrical incongruity, the "religious" drama.

Maxwell Anderson's inadequate and uninspired thesis on the JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM turned out to be more of a racial than religious trek. Anderson is a gifted writer, but his knowledge of his subject was woefully inadequate. The result was completely at variance with Catholic doctrine, transmitting many of the author's own uncertainties into the speeches and actions of his characters. The unfortunate selection of young Sidney Lumet for the principal role should also be noted. An accent suggestive of Times Square hardly seemed compatible with either the role or the period. All things considered, there was little to regret in the announcement that the play was closing after a brief run.

PANAMA HATTIE, a musical revue starring the roistering Ethel Merman, lived up to all advance expectations. Raucous, rough, and rowdy, it fits expertly into the Broadway revue groove. It seems headed for wide and lucrative popularity, the usual reward for material of its genre.

SUZANNA AND THE ELDERS also concerned itself with matters "religious." This time it was the socialistic practices of a group in the New England of 1878, a sect more interested in the intricacies of selective propagation than in rite or dogma. Needless to report, it was merely a cheap attempt to be facetious with a subject deserving of scant consideration.



London and old Vienna provide the background for "Bittersweet," starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

BLIND ALLEY is a revival of a psychological thriller of 1935 vintage. It probes the mind of a killer on the run from the authorities, during his meeting with a teacher of psychology. Convincing in its technical detail and tense in performance, it remains open to debate on many of the premises set forth. At present it is enjoying a mild success and should please those who find mental stimulation in polemical material.

Though the footlights first shone on the antics of CHARLEY'S AUNT some fifty years ago, it still contains sufficient rollicking humor and collegiate hijinks to satisfy audiences of 1940.

A byword for stage farce in the decade preceding the turn of the century, it offers stiff competition to

many current comedies. It is not difficult to anticipate the situations, because the play and characters are standardized. Burlesque at its broadest and farce at its funniest, the ludicrous actions and keen characterizations compensate for too-familiar plot twists.

Jose Ferrer, in the title role, appreciates the difficulties of the role and carefully avoids the pitfalls awaiting a less capable thespian. Nedda Harrigan, Mary Mason, Thomas Speidel, and J. Richard Jones combine in their romping portrayals, the correct proportions of farcical exuberance and Victorian reserve.

Those who have seen other versions of the comedy will not hesitate to visit it again. Playgoers of a later generation will be anxious to see it for the first time. Neither group will be disappointed in the present revival.



Ann Gillis, Casey Johnson, Kay Francis, and Richard Nichols in a touching scene from RKO's screen version of "Little Men"

IT HAPPENS ON ICE, the first ice show to be presented in a New York theater in two decades, is spectacular, lavish, and handsome in every respect.

The only member of the cast who is not a skater is the star, Joe Cook. Sonja Henie, who produced the show, has assembled many of the world's finest skaters to grace the enlarged stage of Radio City's Center Theatre. The result is two and a half hours of the most genuine entertainment to be seen on Broadway. There is comedy in abundant quantities; excellent ensemble effects by Catherine Littlefield and the Music Hall director Leon Leonidoff; vocals by Joan Edwards and Felix Knight of the airwaves; many moments of breath-taking action; and a glass curtain, translucent but not transparent, designed by Norman Bel Geddes who contributed so handsomely to the artistic beauty of the World's Fair.

Children will revel in its thrills. Adults will appreciate the technical difficulties involved and thoroughly enjoy it from start to finish. The theater can provide no more than that.

George Kaufman and Moss Hart, most prolific of the drama's scribes, have turned out a frothy and enjoyable comedy of suburban life. They have given it an intriguing and original title—GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE.

Reminiscent of happier Kaufman-Hart days, it will not arouse the Pulitzer Committee to the point of



George Bancroft, Kay Francis, and Charles Esmond play leading adult roles in the adaption of Louisa May Alcott's novel

bestowing laurels. It lacks the expert characterization and the prize-winning humor of *You Can't Take It With You*, but is akin to it in that the actors seem merely to be holding a huge mirror to the audience.

The problems confronting the Fuller family after they acquire a Pennsylvania farmhouse are all the more humorous because so realistically human. The discovery, on the part of the Fullers, that the play's title is not true is catastrophic. The exasperating trials, domestic tribulations, and financial troubles following in almost endless procession strike a responsive chord and endear the group to their counterparts in the orchestra and balcony.

The portrayals of Jean Dixon, Dudley Digges, Ernest Truex, and Ruth Weston lift the script from average level to a position of super-eminence.

Touring companies of many of last season's hit plays are now ranging the countryside from Portland to San Diego with varying degrees of success. Shrewd advance agents, realizing that the subject matter and treatment of many of their plays will not always stand scrutiny, spotlight the "direct from Broadway" angle and the personal appearance of a name star. However, discerning groups are making their protests known and felt, and in many cases have succeeded in banning the most reprehensible productions.

Tobacco Road and *Pins and Needles* stand out as the most objectionable of the productions now on the road. Organizations interested in furthering the cause of a moral, propaganda-free theater would do well to present strong opposition to the presentation of either play in their communities.

Among the recommended offerings playing in various cities of the nation we would include *Life With Father*; the frankly interventionist propaganda piece, *There Shall Be No Night*; the mystery, *Ladies in Retirement*; *The Little Foxes*; *Elmer the Great*; and *Skylark*, a comedy for adult audiences. *The Man Who Came to Dinner* is excellent but sophisticated satire, and *Lady in Waiting*, *The Male Animal*, and *The Philadelphia Story* can be classed as partly objectionable.

The producers have decided that the huge markets in the hinterlands are ripe for harvest. Audiences

should resolve not to encourage by their patronage, those productions which overstep the borders of decency.

Unshaken by the critical reception accorded *The Great Dictator*, Charlie Chaplin insists that the film was intended as "comedy, not propaganda." Those who have seen it, have ample reason to doubt that statement—unless, of course, the purpose of the star's six-minute diatribe at the conclusion was to send the audience home in convulsions.

Chaplin further states that the making of the picture gave him "an inner satisfaction, a little fun, and a little revenge." We would not want to deny him either satisfaction or fun after all these years of valiant service, but we do feel strongly about using the screen as an instrument of revenge. If we recall correctly, it was only a few short years, even months, ago that this very



Ruth Weston and Jean Dixon bid farewell to Ernest Truex in a scene from the comedy, "George Washington Slept Here"

abuse of the film industries of Germany and Russia was being loudly deplored in this country.

BITTER SWEET—MGM—The haunting melodies of Noel Coward's popular operetta are always welcome, either on stage or in the lavishly impressive beauty of an MGM Technicolor production. Two previous screen versions and the wide popularity of the Broadway and London runs have made the romance of the Viennese music teacher and his London pupil widely known. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in excellent voice, surpassing any of their previous triumphs. "I'll See You Again," "Zigeuner," and the other grand tunes are given a perfect rendition by the team. Mr. Eddy seems to be determined in his efforts to emote. There is an apparent improvement, but it is still his robust baritone that thrills and not his histrionic fire.

FANTASIA—The genius of Walt Disney and his associates reaches new heights in *Fantasia*. A successful com-

bination of the world's finest music and the form of film art created and developed by Disney, it may be marked by the more optimistic as the beginning of an era, the start of a more enlightened trend, with audiences being improved morally and mentally through their contacts with motion pictures.

It blends perfectly and artistically the compositions of Schubert, Beethoven, Bach, and Tchaikovsky with the antics of Mickey Mouse and the whimsy which has characterized *Pinocchio*, *Snow White*, and practically all of the Disney output. The orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski complements the technical miracles achieved by the staff of artists under the direction of the originator of cartoon art on the screen.

We enjoyed particularly the inspired treatment of Schubert's "Ave Maria," and were profoundly impressed by the synchronization of sound and action in "Rite of Spring," "The Nutcracker Suite," and Beethoven's "Sixth Symphony." The visual and aural beauty of this hybrid is a personal triumph for Disney who has contributed more to the screen than any number of more highly publicized executives and artists.

Fantasia is splendid entertainment. It may not make America music conscious overnight, but it will open new fields of pleasure to thousands who have believed that the classics were not for them.

LITTLE MEN—RKO—Louisa May Alcott's widely read sequel to *Little Women* has been adapted to the requirements of the screen with an understanding and sympathetic touch. It is the type of human screen story that audiences of all ages have supported in the past and will patronize as often as they have the opportunity. Kay Francis, Jack Oakie, and Jimmy Lydon are the principals, all in tune with the spirit of the lively tale of youthful high spirits and juvenile tragedies. They are surrounded by a large cast of uninhibited youngsters who help out considerably.

SEVEN SINNERS—UNIVERSAL—The question of whether Marlene Dietrich or the type of film in which she appears is more distasteful, remains unanswered. This time, the star appears as a hardened lady of the South Seas who renounces a handsome naval lieutenant so that he may rejoin the fleet and do his bit for national defense. We question the value of his presence in any defense program in the light of his doltish actions during the first eighty minutes of the unreeling. Not recommended.

THE LETTER—WARNER BROS.—Somerset Maugham's tense drama of high passions and crime in the Far East is not effective screen material. In spite of the efforts of Bette Davis who has served as resuscitator for many fluttering scenarios, the film struggles under the handicap of too many conflicting, high-powered emotional crises. More suited to the limited confines of the theater and the intimacy of the stage, the action is rather slow-paced for the demands of the camera. The general tone of the film is such that it will not appeal to the majority, and will probably not satisfy the discerning minority. Bette Davis remains the most effective and compelling of performers, and Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson have just the correct amount of white-man-in-the-tropics reserve.

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

Assorted Definitions

• ASSORTED DEFINITIONS taken from a recent issue of "This Week":

Gentleman: One who can disagree without being disagreeable.

Pessimist: One who, when he has the choice of two evils, takes both.

Optimist: One who looks out in the dark and sees a light which isn't there.

Cynic: One who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Bore: A man who, when asked about his health, tells you all about it.

Self: What you are when you think nobody is looking.

Opportunist: One who meets the wolf at the door and the next day appears in a new fur coat.

Diplomat: A man who remembers a woman's birthday, forgets her age.

Cellophanitis

• WRITING ON "THIS CELLOPHANE AGE" in the "American Mercury," Isabel Lundberg describes the sudden rise to prominence of this new product:

Hairbrushes, toothbrushes, alcohol and mineral oil, soap by the cake and soap by the dozen, aspirins, vitamins, sponges, facial tissues and toilet tissue, cough drops, floor mops, or doorstops—no matter what you buy these days, you take cellophane with it, whether you want to or not. . . . It seems like yesterday (it was really 1932) when cellophane was the butt of every jokester. A *New Yorker* cartoon had a father surveying his new, beribboned offspring in the arms of a nurse and demanding, "What! No cellophane?" There was the magazine *Ballyhoo*, in a cellophane jacket; its editor, Norman Anthony, had himself done up in cellophane for the news photographers. Gone are the gags of yesteryear. Cellophane is now as familiar as the common cold, and as ubiquitous. . . .

Scratch almost anything, and find cellophane: in the manufacture of dental plates, in ultra-violet ray screens, as a lining in gas cells for balloons and dirigibles, in colored spotlights for stage lighting. . . . When the curtain rose on the Virgil Thompson—Gertrude Stein opus, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, the Broadway audience gasped at the dazzling *décor*—done entirely in cellophane by Florine Stettheimer. A few years later, in one of the Mordkin Ballet numbers danced by Patricia Bowman, the Willis, spirits of young women who died of unrequited love, achieved their ethereal quality with bands of translucent cellophane wound about their arms and hair. One piano manufacturer will deliver a baby grand shimmering in cellophane tied with a big

red bow, if you so wish. Certain chic New York shops display their imported models against silvery portières made of cellophane. . . .

If there is such a thing as cellophanitis, America probably has it.

Concerning Telephones

• A COMPILATION of interesting information on telephones is given in the "New York Times Magazine":

A reduction in long-distance phone rates within the United States was announced the other day and the cut will mean a \$5,500,000 saving to subscribers. The longest call possible inside the United States is from Bath, Me., to Bay, Calif., about 4,000 miles as the wires are strung. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, operator of the long wires, is not sure whether anybody has ever made the call.

New York leads all other cities in the number of long-distance calls passing through its switchboards. There are 3,000 circuits in the city, handling about 38,000 calls a day. The biggest day was September 5, 1939, the first business day after the start of the war, when 155,498 calls went out to points within the United States.

The most expensive telephone call in history was a ninety-five-minute chat W. C. Durant, the financier, had with London in 1930 at a cost of \$1,410. The same call today would cost \$665, day rates.

There are 39,245,069 telephones in the world, 19,453,401 of them in the United States and 1,623,117 of them in New York City. Any telephone in New York can reach 93 per cent of the world's telephones.

Sources of Book Titles

• WHERE DO WRITERS get the titles for their books? "World Digest" gives an answer as follows:

Ten lines from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* have furnished the titles for eight modern books. The lines are:

"Tomorrow and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death, Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

The titles are: *Told by an Idiot*, by Rose Macauley; *Sound and Fury*, by James Henle; *Brief Candles*, by Aldous Huxley; *All Our Yesterdays*, by H. M. Tomlinson; *Dusty Death*, by Clifton Robbins; *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, by Philip Barry; *This Petty Pace*, by B. Pinkerton; *Walking Shadows*, by E. W. White.

Will Rogers

• IN A BIOGRAPHY OF *Will Rogers appearing serially in the "Saturday Evening Post," Betty Blake Rogers writes of Will's avid appetite for newspapers:*

Will's appetite for newspapers was, of course, proverbial. Newspaper reading was an important part of his work, and newspapers became almost a part of him: extras, out-of-town papers, metropolitan dailies, and country weeklies. He seldom entered a restaurant without a rolled-up paper in his hand. Newspapers, magazines, and books were stacked on the desk in his dressing room at the studio, strewn in the back of his car, and piled high on the table beside his bed.

"I can fall asleep and never drop my paper," Will said. "My closest friends can't tell if I'm reading or sleeping. They say, 'Will, you read a lot,' and I say 'No, I sleep a lot.' I can be sitting around anywhere and reading a newspaper, and doze off. I'll even take the papers and go to bed and then to sleep still holding the paper out at arm's length, and the light burning and my glasses on."

Scandal and Literary Success

• THE ODOR OF SCANDAL is a help to literary success, according to Douglas Bush in the "Atlantic":

One pernicious thing about popular books on literary figures is that they enable people to feel that they have read a great author's works without the trouble of doing it. Of the thousands who read *Ariel*, how many were moved to read Shelley? Perhaps it would have been odd if they had been.

Of course, it may be granted once for all, we do have popular or semipopular biographies, mostly written by academic scholars, which are as far from shallow inadequacy as from dullness. But our concern here is with the great mass of average productions. . . .

Though sentimental or romantic "human interest" is perhaps the surest ground of popular appeal, our self-consciously candid age has nourished a strong rival. The author who wants a popular audience has won half the battle if he, or she, chooses a subject with an aura or halo of scandal. The splenetic Carlyle declared that the biographies of men of letters were the wretchedest chapters in our history, except perhaps the Newgate Calendar. But that was the croak of a Victorian Calvinist. The modern biographer may slight facts and ideas, yet he rightly prides himself on the frankness which the modern reader so abundantly craves. While Judy O'Grady holds her breath over *True Confessions*, the colonel's lady reads a biography or, what is even more rewarding, an undraped autobiography. Think how Wordsworth's stock has gone up since the discovery that he had a natural daughter. And Byron's, though always high, rose higher when the business of Mrs. Leigh was aired. Who would write or read about Rossetti if it were not for Elizabeth Siddal? Who would write or read about Poe if it were not for alcohol, the child wife, and the platonic seraglio?

The great authors who have worn the white flower

of a blameless life—happily few!—are at a discount. One often wishes that Tennyson might be found to have been the father of, say, Lillie Langtry. And there is always the hope of unearthing an intrigue between Longfellow and one, or preferably both, of the Miss Carys. . . . Then something can always be done with a title. The laborious and artless scholar would put forth a drab tome, *Jane Austen: Her Life and a Study of Her Works, with Some Unpublished Letters*. The knowing popular author would have a gayly colored volume called *The Spinster of Steventon*, or, better, *That Georgian Wench*. The authors of a book on the heroines of English fiction contrived to season their learning with unexpected anatomical detail. One wonders how soon scholars may be introducing a touch of sentiment or a strain of salacious gossip into the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, so that the five thousand subscribers will be tearing off the austere wrappers with eager excitement.

Discovery of Blotting Paper

• HOW A MISTAKE RESULTED in the discovery of blotting paper is told in the "Young Catholic Messenger":

Years ago, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the use of blotting paper was discovered by mere accident. A workman, engaged in the making of ordinary writing paper in a Berkshire mill in England, was so careless as to forget to put in the sizing. The paper was apparently worthless. The angry proprietor picked up a piece. It might do for writing a note. To his consternation, the ink spread over the paper. Suddenly the thought occurred to him: Could this paper be used for drying ink in place of the much-used sand? He experimented, succeeded, and afterward sold his entire damaged stock of paper for blotting paper.

The proprietor also discovered that by making a pink blotting paper he could utilize the red rags which he had found useless for making white paper.

Industry's Biggest Bill

• ILLNESS is industry's biggest bill, according to Courtney Savage, writing in "Columbia":

It is only within recent years that industry has realized that illness is its major problem. Also the biggest bill it has to pay.

A report from Washington states that last year 1,515,000 workers were injured and 16,000 killed. Of the injured, 106,000 suffered permanent impairment of working functions. Those are big figures, but they are put back into the kindergarten class by a survey which discloses that approximately fifteen times as many working days are lost from sickness and home injuries as from industrial accidents, such as cuts or broken bones.

And the annual bill for illness reaches the staggering total of \$15,000,000,000! Yes, that's billions—count the noughts.

With news like this available for his consideration, it is no wonder that the average plant owner, to say nothing of the thoughtful worker, is beginning to wonder if he can't do something about the problem of health.

The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Burial of Catholic in Protestant Cemetery

My wife is a Catholic but I am not, though I believe in the Catholic religion and accompany her to church at times. I have two lots in a Protestant cemetery and my wife would like to be buried there beside me because it is a beautiful spot. Can this be allowed and will the priest give her the last rites and bless the grave?—N. N.

The Church prescribes (Canon 1205) that the bodies of the faithful shall be buried in cemeteries that have been blessed according to the rites of the Church; in other words, in Catholic cemeteries. The First Plenary Council of Baltimore (1852) denied ecclesiastical burial to Catholics who were to be buried in sectarian cemeteries and even in non-sectarian ones when there were Catholic cemeteries to be had. The rigor of this prohibition was tempered by the Second and Third Councils of Baltimore (1866, 1884) when there was a question of converts whose non-Catholic relatives had a family plot in another cemetery, and of Catholics who had purchased a plot before the law was promulgated or who acquired it after that date but in good faith. In these cases the rites of the Church would not be denied unless the bishop for grave reasons forbade them. The desire of a Catholic wife to be buried by the side of her husband in a Protestant cemetery because she likes the place is not a sufficient reason for an exception to be made.

It seems to us that the more important problem is your attitude toward the Catholic faith. You say that you believe in it but are not a Catholic in fact. Then why not become a Catholic, so that at death both you and your wife may be buried together in a Catholic cemetery with the sacred rites of the Church? This would solve your difficulty. This is not in itself a sufficient motive for embracing the Catholic faith—intellectual conviction is essential—but it is one of the blessings that Catholics enjoy and which has such an appeal to the human heart.

Books on Apologetics

Will you please supply a brief list of outstanding books on Catholic Apologetics that are particularly suitable for lay readers?—NEW YORK.

The following books should be found in any list of books on Catholic Apologetics: *Faith of Our Fathers*, Gibbons; *The Church of Christ*, Berry; *Europe and the Faith*, Belloc; *Key to the World's Progress*, Devas; *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries*, Walsh; *Catholic Evidence Guild Outlines*, Ward; *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, Stoddard; *Spirit of Catholicism*, Adam; *The Question Box*, Conway; *Radio Replies* (2 Volumes), Rumble & Carty. A lay Catholic who absorbs the information in these books will be well equipped to explain and defend the Catholic Church.

Wedding Marches

Why does the Church forbid the beautiful and romantic wedding marches, especially the Wedding March from Lohengrin? The marriage of many a Catholic bride has been positively ruined by not hearing this glorious march before or after the Nuptial Mass. Instead of that they have to wander up the aisle to some tune resembling a funeral dirge.—Ky.

It is a question of propriety. The Church, and she alone, has the right and duty to prescribe what is fitting and proper for the administration of the Sacraments and for the dignity of the House of God.

The march, "Here Comes the Bride," is not a wedding march, but a bedroom march! It takes place in the bridal chamber of Elsa and Lohengrin in Act III of the Opera, "Lohengrin." This operatic bedroom march is, indeed, "romantic," but it is something more. It serves as an overture of impending tragedy! Immediately after the bridal procession, Elsa upbraids her husband for not sharing a secret with her. Each then accuses the other of mistrust. During the argument that

ensues, their room is broken into by Frederick, an enemy, who is promptly killed by the bridegroom! In the next scene the newlyweds' battle of words continues: "Oh, Elsa, what joys thy doubts have ended! Could'st thou not *trust* in me for one short year?"

This is the setting of the romantic wedding march, so much desired by brides who do not know its meaning. Certainly no well-instructed bride would want the atmosphere of impending tragedy to surround her on one of the happiest days of her life, when she and her beloved mutually confer the Sacrament of Matrimony on each other! That is why Holy Mother Church, with discriminating good taste, thinks that such worldly compositions should be left to the operatic stage where they properly belong. She forbids their rendition not only during, but also before and after the sublime Sacrifice of the Mass. How unbecoming to render a march that involves distrust and murder in the presence of Him who was a "faithful witness" and "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross!"

On the other hand, we agree with our correspondent that dirges should not be played at weddings. They, too, are out of place. But there is no lack of beautiful processions that are fit to be played at Catholic weddings, e.g., the wedding music of Carlo Rossini. (Of course, it is possible that some Catholics have been so long accustomed to theatrical and sensual compositions that they have no appreciation of the better kind). The fact that faults have been committed in the past is no reason why they should be allowed to continue.

Pope Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* (November 22, 1903) on Sacred Music laid down the rules to be followed in the use of music in the sacred rites, "so that the feebler spirit might be borne aloft in pious affections by means of the charm afforded the ear." Pius XI confirmed the *Motu Proprio* in these words: "These things we command, all things to the contrary notwithstanding. Let no man, therefore, infringe this Constitution by us promulgated, or dare to contravene it."

Effect of Cigarette Smoking on Women

It has been maintained by some people that smoking cigarettes does harm to women, especially in regard to the birth and proper rearing of children, and for this reason it is wrong for them to smoke. Is this view correct?—PITTSBURGH, PA.

This question has two aspects—the moral and the medical. In itself smoking is an indifferent act, neither morally good nor bad. Hence, from this viewpoint it does not appear that it is wrong for women to smoke. We look at the question in the abstract. There are considerations, such as filial obedience to parents in the case of girls, which bring another element into the matter, but which we are not considering here.

The medical viewpoint is not sufficiently clear nor is it based on thorough scientific investigation, so far as we can discover. *The Catholic Medical Guardian*, an English magazine, published an article in 1932 on "The Effect of Smoking During Pregnancy," which gave the opinions of several physicians, male and female, on this question. They were about equally divided for and against, the women physicians inclining to take a more severe attitude than the men. Dr. Francis M. Walshe

said, "Not only is there no evidence to suggest that fertility in the female sex is adversely affected by cigarette smoking, but I am not aware that any serious investigation has ever been made to elicit such information. Surely, the modern baby is an eminently healthy creature, even when his mother smokes." Dr. Mary Cardwell, on the other hand, though she had no scientific evidence to prove it, observed that mothers who smoked were in danger of bearing apparently healthy but still-born babies, and if their babies lived they appeared below size and extremely difficult to rear. Another lady physician felt very strongly that pregnant and nursing mothers should abstain from smoking because nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is a poison to embryonic and other quickly growing tissues and is liable to cause abortion, or to stunt the growth of fetus and child.

The editor in his comment said: "It would appear that no serious investigation has been made to ascertain what deleterious effects, if any, tobacco has on the pregnancy of women. . . . Scientific investigation alone can definitely inform us whether evil effects on fertility or pregnancy result." Whether there is such evidence available now, we do not know. If it has been proved that smoking by women has a deleterious effect, especially in the matter of childbirth, the moral opinion would have to be changed accordingly. What seems fairly clear is that *excessive* smoking will do harm both to mother and child.

Catholics and War

(1) *Why do the clergy of each nation encourage Catholic soldiers of that nation to fight and possibly kill other Catholic soldiers of enemy nations? Is it not a sin to kill one's fellow man? Is not a Catholic of one nation equal in God's eyes with a Catholic of another nation, regardless of their respective political beliefs?* (2) *Why does not the Pope, the leader of millions of Catholics in the world, issue a proclamation forbidding Catholics all over the world from taking up arms, no matter what their nationality? Surely, this would be a powerful deterrent to any war-mad leader.*—BERGEN-FIELD, N. J.

Both questions assume that there can never be a just war, in which it is lawful to kill the enemy. This assumption is not only contrary to right reason, but also to the common teaching of the Church. War by its own nature is not an intrinsic evil, but when the right conditions are observed it is lawful and even Christian. Just as an individual has the right to repel an unjust attack on his life, even to the point of killing his assailant, if this is necessary, so a nation has an equal right to repel an unjust attack on its sovereignty, even to the extent of war.

This is the theory of the matter, to which we limit our remarks. It is not necessary to add that modern wars are very complex and that it is not always easy to obtain a clear-cut opinion about them. When two sovereign States are engaged in war against each other, it is, of course, impossible that both are objectively justified in making war; but the soldiers on each side may be convinced that they are justified. Each State makes out the best case it can.

The Holy Father will not issue a proclamation forbidding Catholics to take up arms in a just war. But what the Pope is doing and has been doing since he ascended the throne of Saint Peter is to urge the heads of nations to exercise the spirit of Christian justice and charity among themselves and to compose their differences by honest negotiation rather than the sword. And he is doing all he can to mitigate the horrors of war. He will not make the lot of Catholics harder by urging them to shirk what is a sacred duty founded in justice—the legitimate defense of their Fatherland.

Names of Magi

What are the names of the Three Wise Men who offered gifts to the Christ Child?—BOSTON, MASS.

The Gospel does not mention the number of Wise Men, or Magi, and their names. Though there is no certain tradition about the matter, the Latin Church from the seventh century considered their number to have been three and their names, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, or variants of the same. (*The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. IX, p. 528).

Catholic Poetry Society: Sex Instruction

(1) Please tell me something about the Catholic Poetry Society of America. (2) Can you suggest some books on sex instruction that deal with the subject in accordance with Catholic ideas?

(1) The Catholic Poetry Society was founded in 1931 "to promote Catholic traditions in poetry and to cooperate in the advancement of American art and culture." The Society publishes a bi-monthly magazine called *Spirit* at its headquarters, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York.

(2) There is a considerable number of books and pamphlets, which is constantly growing, on this subject from the Catholic viewpoint. The list is too long to print here. We refer you to the Religious Teacher's Library, issued by Saint Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., and the Index to American Catholic Pamphlets published by the Catholic Library Service, 382 Robert Street, Saint Paul, Minn.

Non-Catholic Belief About Real Presence: Mother Cabrini

(1) Do non-Catholics believe that they receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ when they receive Holy Communion? If not, what do they believe they receive?

(2) What is the name of the saintly nun whose body is enshrined near the Cloisters in New York City?—NEW HARTFORD, N. Y.

(1) Some Lutherans and some Anglicans believe in the Real Presence of our Lord in Holy Communion, but they do not agree with the Catholic doctrine as to the manner in which our Lord becomes present. The majority of Protestants believe that the sacrament of the Eucharist, or the Lord's Supper, as they usually call it, as Christ instituted it was simply bread and wine as symbols or signs of His body and blood, but not His real body and blood.

(2) Her name is Blessed Francis Xavier Cabrini, foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. She was beatified in November 1938. Her body is enshrined in the chapel of the Mother Cabrini High School, 701 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, which is in the vicinity of the Cloisters, that remarkable exhibit of medieval beauty.

Saints Kenneth and Otto: Thelma

(1) Is Kenneth a saint's name? If so, who was he and when is his feast day?—FLUSHING, N. Y. *(2) Would it be possible to christen a boy with the name Otto?*—NEW YORK. *(3) Is Thelma a saint's name?*—UNION CITY, N. J.

(1) Saint Kenneth (Canicus, Canice, Kenny) was an abbot of the sixth century. He was born in the north of Ireland and is the patron of Kilkenny. Feast day, October 11th. (Book of Saints, "Canicus").

(2) Saint Otto (Otho) was bishop of Bamberg and is the Apostle of Pomerania. He died in the twelfth century, and his feast day is July 2nd.

(3) According to Father Weidenhan's *Baptismal Names*, page 337, Thelma is a contracted form of Anthelma, the feminine form of Anthelmus (Anthelm). Saint Anthelmus was a Bishop of Belley in France in the twelfth century and is regarded as one of the great ecclesiastics of his age. His feast day is June 26th.

Trappistines

Is there an Order of Trappistines in the United States or Canada? Do the members keep perpetual silence, or are there times when conversation is permissible?—BUFFALO, N. Y.

We cannot find any record of Trappistines, or Nuns of the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance, in the United States, but there is a convent of these nuns at St. Romuald d'Etchemin, in the Archdiocese of Quebec. The rule of silence is very strict, but reason suggests that speech is allowed when necessary, e.g., to confess one's sins, to describe one's illness to a physician, to receive visitors, etc. Whether the rule allows conversation merely for its own sake, we do not know.

Prayer in the Name of Christ

Christ our Lord said, "Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in my name He will give it you" (John 16:23). Does this mean that if you ask God a favor in the name of Christ, you will receive it?—BROCKTON, MASS.

To ask favors of God in the name of Christ means to ask, as Saint Gregory says, for those things that pertain to our true good, especially our eternal salvation. Jesus means "saviour;" He came to make us holy in this world and eternally happy in the next. "He does not ask in the name of Christ," says Saint Augustine, "who asks for anything inimical to his salvation; he who asks as he ought will receive when he ought. Some things are not denied, but are deferred to a suitable time." The reason why some things are not obtained from God, therefore, is because they ought not to be asked for, or they are not prayed for in the manner that will merit their bestowal. As Saint James says, "You ask and receive not because you ask amiss, that you

may consume it on your concupiscences" (James 4:3). Saint Augustine, commenting on this latter text, says, "A person who makes faithful supplication to God for the needs of this life is heard in mercy and also in mercy is not heard; for the physician knows better than his patient what is good for him." Every prayer that is made to God the Father in the name of Christ has the implied condition: provided this is for my true good and is pleasing to God.

Chaplet of The Five Wounds

Since the answers were published in the "Sign-Post" (August and November 1940), which said that the Holy Office by a Decree dated December 12, 1939, declared it was unlawful to propagate the Rosary of the Most Holy Wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ, otherwise known as the Chaplet of Mercy, and based on the revelations alleged to have been made to Sister Mary Martha Chambon, a Visitation nun, many inquiries have been received about the Chaplet of the Five Wounds promoted by the Passionist Missionaries. The latter chaplet has the explicit approval of the Holy See and is enriched with many and precious indulgences. In order to satisfy many inquirers and also to make the Passionist Chaplet better known, we describe its nature and the method of reciting it.

The Chaplet consists of twenty-five beads (they may be black or red) which are divided into five parts and connected by medals on which are represented the wounds of Our Lord's feet, hands and side. One *Glory be to the Father*, etc. is said on each bead, while one reflects on the wound represented by the medal. At the end of each group of five beads, one *Hail Mary* is said in honor of the Mother of Sorrows; so that the whole chaplet consists of twenty-five *Glorias* and five *Hail Marys*.

Another method is the following, taught to the Passionist novices. However, it is not essential.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God!
R. O Lord, make haste to help me!

V. Glory be to the Father, etc.
R. As it was in the beginning, etc. Amen.

Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew,
Of my Saviour Crucified.

FIRST WOUND—THE LEFT FOOT

My Crucified Jesus, I devoutly adore the painful wound of Thy left foot. By the pain which Thou didst feel therein, and by the blood which Thou didst shed from that foot, grant me grace to fly the occasions of sin and not to walk in the way of iniquity, which leads to perdition.

Glory be to the Father, etc., five times.
Hail Mary, once, and *Holy Mother*, etc.

SECOND WOUND—THE RIGHT FOOT

My Crucified Jesus, I devoutly adore the painful wound of Thy right foot. By the pain which Thou didst feel therein, and by the blood which Thou didst shed from that foot, grant me grace to walk constantly in the way of Christian virtue, even to Paradise.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

THIRD WOUND—THE LEFT HAND

My Crucified Jesus, I devoutly adore the painful wound of Thy left hand. By the pain which Thou didst feel therein, and by the blood which Thou didst shed from that hand, deliver me from being found at Thy left hand, with the reprobate, at the Last Judgment.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

FOURTH WOUND—THE RIGHT HAND

My Crucified Jesus, I devoutly adore the painful wound of Thy right hand. By the pain which Thou didst feel therein, and by the blood which Thou didst shed from that hand, bless my soul and conduct it to Thy Kingdom.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

FIFTH WOUND—THE SIDE

My Crucified Jesus, I devoutly adore the wound in Thy sacred side. By the blood which Thou didst shed from it, enkindle in my heart the fire of Thy love, and give me grace to persevere in loving Thee to all eternity.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

SHORT PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN OF SORROWS

O afflicted mother! O virginal heart, buried in the wounds of Thy Son! accept this short memorial of His pains in union with thy grief. Present to Jesus this act of homage and render my prayers efficacious by thy intercession. Amen. *Hail Mary*, three times.

INDULGENCES

PARTIAL:

- 1) Seven years and seven quarantines, every day from Passion Sunday to Holy Saturday, inclusive.
- 2) One year, once a day, the rest of the year. (Pius VII, S. Congr. Indulg. Jan. 22, 1822).

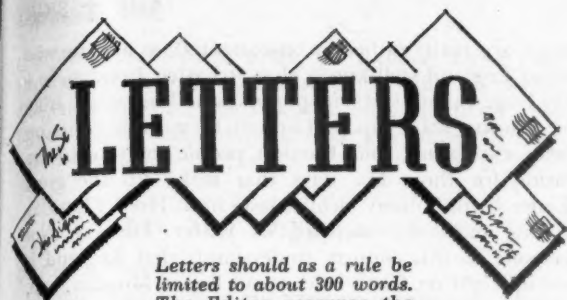
PLENARY:

- 1) On one Friday of March, whichever may be chosen, for those who during the month have recited the chaplet at least ten times.
- 2) On the Feasts of the Invention (May 3rd) and the Exaltation (September 14th) of the Holy Cross, or within their octaves, provided the chaplet has been recited at least ten times within the month.
- 3) On the day on which the Easter Duty is fulfilled, provided the chaplet has been recited from Passion Sunday to Holy Saturday, inclusive.
- 4) On the Feasts of Christmas, Epiphany, Circumcision, Most Holy Name of Jesus, Easter, Ascension, Corpus Christi, and Transfiguration, or within their octaves, provided the chaplet has been recited at least ten times in each month. (Leo XII, Dec. 20, 1823; Pius IX, S. Congr. Indulg. Aug. 11, 1851).

CONDITIONS:

- 1) For the plenary indulgences, besides the recitation of the chaplet, confession, communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Pope are required.
- 2) The chaplet must be blessed by a priest with the required faculty. All Passionist priests enjoy this faculty. *All these indulgences may be applied to the souls in Purgatory.*

Copies of the above in leaflet form may be had by applying to THE SIGN, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. The beads may be obtained from THE SIGN for twenty-five cents. They will be blessed before being sent.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

CONFUSION OF VIEWPOINTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It would be interesting to know why several salient passages of my letter were excised and the remainder of it labeled "German Viewpoint" (Oct., p. 173). Perhaps this was meant to imply that Mr. Mercier's article (Sept., p. 73) represented the French or Allied viewpoint. If so, then Mr. Mercier and myself should never have been permitted to appear in *THE SIGN*, for a Catholic publication, above all others, can in such matters be interested in no other than the *Christian* viewpoint. Its plumb line can never be the personal opinions of contributors and correspondents but facts, truth, and the Gospel code. These stand on their own weight and authority regardless of who may or may not subscribe to them. If I may speak for myself, the object of my letter was most certainly not to take sides, for there is none worth taking. If, in questions of this kind, a man speak for anyone or anything else but Christ and His law it were better that he cut out his own tongue. Certainly the reference to the movies and radio as de-Christianizing factors, the distinction made between Christianity and "christianity," the analysis of the French Bishop's prayer, etc., cannot be said to represent primarily (if at all) a "German Viewpoint." But even if this were the case, it would neither enhance the truth nor detract from it.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A CATHOLIC

Editor's Note: The parts of the letter "excised" were not "salient" nor did their excising modify the meaning of the letter. Space for letters is very limited, and correspondents should recognize this fact.

"A Catholic" evidently considers his views to be God's own. This is not the first time a nationalist view has been identified with God's.

ANSWER TO "A CATHOLIC"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your October issue "A Catholic" complains that Mr. Mercier and your "Current Fact and Comment" column both wrong Germany by "laying at her door sins which are in equal if not greater measure true of her chief enemies. "In no other country," he declares, "is the will of imperialism more manifest than in the so-called democracies—Great Britain and France."

That such a thing as British and French imperialism has existed and still, to some extent, exists today is evi-

dent. But, in its modern manifestations, is it really so shocking a thing as to be worthy of comparison with the *furor teutonico* which, without pretext or warning, or the slightest moral justification, has within a twelvemonth ravaged and pillaged Germany's highly cultured but militarily weak neighbors? The truth, of course, is that by far the greater part of the British and French empires was acquired from aboriginal or semi-civilized peoples in no way to be compared with the Christian nations of Europe which have been brutally attacked and trampled upon by the Nazis.

To be sure, "A Catholic," when he talks of "imperialism" is thinking not so much of Africa as of India, not so much of ignorant, brutal savages as of the patient, pacific Hindus who bowed their submissive necks to their Mohammedan conquerors for centuries before the East India Company appeared on the scene. As to that matter, it ought to be sufficient to say that, although by no means free from foreign control, the peoples of India have for many years enjoyed quite a number of the fundamental rights, amongst them freedom of speech, of assembly, of the press, of political representation, of education, of worship, of location, of occupation. In these respects and in many others they are so far ahead of the modern Germany that when Herr Schacht, Reich Minister of Finance, visited India a couple of years ago the native press called his presence "an offense to India." "Go home, Schacht," said one Nationalist paper, "India has no use for such as you. Better a thousand years of British rule than one of German." Today the Indian Nationalist Congress is of the same mind in regard to Hitler and his regime.

As for the countries which have fallen under the Nazi heel, can there be any doubt in "A Catholic's" mind that all of their conquered peoples are praying for nothing on earth so much as for a British victory? And who are better qualified than those unfortunates to judge the merits of the case as between Britain and Germany?

On the religious issue there would seem to be no room for any argument. One need only recall Germany's persistent violation of her Concordat with the Holy See, the official Nazi encouragement to pagan philosophy and heathen rites, the suppression of Catholic education and of the Catholic press, the relentless, systematic, myriad-phased State warfare on Christianity, and contrast all this anti-Christian malignancy with the conditions existing in Great Britain, where complete liberty of action is accorded the Church, and Catholic primary and secondary education is fostered and supported by the government. In this latter respect none, even of our forty-eight States, can compare with that British "imperialist" regime which "A Catholic" and others of his type seem to find no better than the satanic nightmare which is Nazism.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOHN MURRAY

SPAIN—AND ALSO HOLLYWOOD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your printing of the excellent letter by Margaret Morin in the November issue of *THE SIGN* has restored my faith in your magazine. In the past few years I have been swayed by the opinions of *THE SIGN* and other Catholic magazines on the Spanish question which were very much at variance with other literature worth

reading on the subject. In the light of recent events, my natural reaction was to stop reading all Catholic literature when it touched on politics, but since you have the courage to print such an excellent letter containing a view contrary to yours, I have decided that all is not lost.

Genevieve Blanch Wimsatt's letter was the expression of the opinion of many people to whom I have spoken about *All This and Heaven, Too*. Several Protestants, leaving out the religious issue entirely, considered it unconvincing characterization since, contrary to the intention of the author, they sympathized with the wife and disliked the hypocritical governess. Needless to say, Catholics couldn't miss the malicious barbs aimed at their religion. It would be a good thing for the Hollywood group to know that their ideas aren't going over as easily as they think. It would be flattering to our intelligence if they would at least try to be a little subtle.

PATERSON, N. J.

MARIE SEMAR

MRS. MILQUETOASTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I, through the columns of *THE SIGN*, congratulate Genevieve Blanch Wimsatt on her splendid letter in the November issue in regard to the movie *All This and Heaven, Too*. Dear lady, I wish we had a million more like you, for today as never before have we need of an alert and articulate laity with backbone enough to "speak right out in meetin'" when "tripe" such as the incidents you mention are so cleverly foisted upon a gullible and not too discerning movie-going public. Nowadays too many of us are "Mrs. Milquetoasts," very sweetly and glibly agreeing that everything is "marvelous" and "wonderful." And doesn't it seem a pity that so often we Catholic women pass up opportunities to help form the right kind of public opinion?

ROSLINDALE, MASS.

NORA A. RIORDAN

RELIGION IN ENGLAND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For the past seventeen years my home has been in London, and while I never devoted any study, nor, alas, any serious thought to the pagan or non-pagan tendencies of the English people, I do feel qualified to take issue with Dr. O'Brien on some points of his entertaining article which paints such a mournful picture of England's religious decline. ("Pagan Night Over England." Nov.) He seems to have been unfortunate in his contacts. If his investigations had been made amongst the great middle classes, the backbone of England, I think his findings would have been different. Neither the lower class English children, who go to the board schools in which religion isn't taught any more than it is in the public schools of this country, nor the Oxford undergraduates, who are notoriously exhibitionist in their religious reactions, are representative of England.

Among the Protestant English, the "Our Father" is called the "Lord's Prayer" and the little evacuees probably never met an American before and didn't know what Dr. O'Brien was talking about when he asked them if they knew the "Our Father." That class of English people is not quick on the up-take.

The statistics of church attendance in London at

Easter are really rather inconsequential, as anyone who knows England well knows that at Easter, London, to a very large extent, shifts its population. The people from the country come up to London to see the sights on cheap excursions, and London people migrate to the seaside for those five days that make up the great "Easter bank holiday" which lasts from Holy Thursday evening until the morning of Easter Tuesday. Not everyone in this country understands that England is shut up tight on Good Friday and Easter Monday, and, excepting for the food shops, no business is done. To judge the religious spirit of London by the church attendance at Easter is to draw very false deductions. I am sorry I have not available statistics of travel into and out of London at that time, but the figures are extraordinary.

As for the comparison of church attendance between the Protestant churches and ours, I find it a not very important point of argument. Dr. O'Brien may forget that we Catholics are obliged to attend Mass. I am an average person, neither better nor worse than most, but there are many times when I wouldn't go to Mass were there not the obligation of an institution whose regulations and rules I respect and obey. Protestants have no such obligations. I am quite sure that our Catholic churches wouldn't have their tremendous congregations if it were not a mortal sin to stay away from Sunday Mass. Consider the weekday Masses.

Comparing the English people as I first knew them and their attitude to religion today, I think I can say with truth that they are now more tolerant and more broadminded toward Catholicism, and that would indicate a greater depth of Christianity.

VENTNOR CITY, N. J. MRS. HARRY ERSKINE SMITH

SATISFACTION ABROAD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed please find \$3.00, representing a year's subscription to *THE SIGN*, plus 50¢ postage. Please put the balance of 50¢ into any little stray fund you may have.

I have been reading *THE SIGN* for many years and I have often pondered on the remarkable ability with which the magazine is set up. There is no lay periodical that can touch it and I am grateful to you for the many hours of interest and pleasure which it has given to me.

WELWYN, HERTS, ENGLAND.

D. J. COUGHLAN.

MEN SLACKERS IN DEVOTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The blanket statement of "New York" in "The Sign-Post" for September, that "men are slackers in all other devotions" (outside of hearing Mass on Sundays) makes me raise my eyebrows as far as they will go. I would suggest that the writer look in at Saint Peter's, Barclay Street, or Saint Francis' on West 31st Street, or Saint Patrick's Cathedral during any weekday Mass, or novena to our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, or Workers' Holy Hour (to mention only three of the best-known churches and devotions). There will be seen how many men give half their lunch hour to God; and I am sure it is the same in many other churches in New York and all over the country.

There is also the very much larger proportion of men over women, who must earn livings for themselves and

their families in these times, to consider. I don't say that there is no room for improvement—there is plenty, and on both sides, too. But such an unqualified statement is somewhat unfair to a large number of men.

S. D. M.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

A FREE AND CHRISTIAN NATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A democratic form of government presupposes a body of responsible free citizens. And political freedom cannot long be maintained without economic freedom. The economic slave soon becomes the political slave—and the more easily when his economic masters are battling his political representatives for power, as they are in all countries still maintaining the finance-capitalist system of economics.

This seems to be the real trouble here in the United States. The decline in political morality among the members of our government is only a symptom of the real ill.

A mere return to honesty and high ethics among our politicians can do no more than stave off the day of reckoning and revolutionary change in government for a while longer. It can only make the process of change evolutionary rather than sudden and drastic.

To work smoothly and justly, an industrial economic system must be closely co-ordinated in its operation, and very greatly centralized in its control. By any less efficient operation and control, it is bound to work great injustices on the mass of people who have neither control of the system, nor way to avoid its tentacles.

This fact was recognized by the Dictators, who established a more efficient co-ordination and control within their own countries, and have succeeded handsomely in spreading the benefits of the industrial system among the formerly pauperized and exploited masses, while they were at the same time skimming off the cream of the production for themselves and the implementation of their own power.

Despite the police system necessary to keep their countries operating efficiently, and the slavery which their authoritarian form of government entails, there is no doubt that the Dictators have the acclaim and confidence of most of their people—wishful thinkers notwithstanding. These recently bankrupt and economically chaotic countries have been able to carry on, on a large scale, a war effort that is as well supplied as it is well co-ordinated; and this despite enormous handicaps in the way of shortages of raw materials. It's not sleight-of-hand; it's a very efficient system. The people have swapped personal freedom for a certain meager security, with a promise of rich rewards in the future for their sacrifices. A dream of luxurious slavery.

Here in America we have at least 8,000,000 workers thrown into the discard—most of them permanently. Men without a place of any importance in the world; a starvation security; and no dream for the future. We have an ailing and badly functioning economic system, in which the great majority of working citizens are proletarians—salaried workers dependent on a few bosses and the smooth functioning of their respective industrial units. These, too, have lost their dreams, and turn eagerly to the slave-state panaceas of old age pensions, unemployment relief, etc.

Ten years of effort has failed to bring back the old vigor in the economic system of capitalist industrialism. We've sold our birthright of economic freedom to the big-business industrialists for a fairy tale of Jam Tomorrow—and tomorrow has brought nothing.

It is only a matter of time until we will fall in line, with a dictatorially-controlled government, exercising co-ordinating powers of a highly centralized nature over industrial production. The only thing that's slowing up the process is the tradition of personal freedom, which is the heritage and hallmark of the American.

We still have a large number of economically free citizens, of economically free families: farmers, shop-owners, small workshops, small businesses. They have hung on, despite great sacrifices and the necessity of fighting the tide toward more and more centralization. If we are to keep a democratic form of government, the numbers of these free responsible citizens and families must be greatly increased, and from the ranks of the unemployed and the proletarianized majority.

As Lincoln said in another sense, a nation cannot remain half-slave and half-free. It must go one way or the other.

God grant we shall have the courage and the sacrificial spirit necessary to regain individual economic freedom, without which we cannot hope to maintain our political freedom.

If we haven't the courage and the spirit of sacrifice, then we shall deserve what is surely coming, and we may have to face a bloody purge before we again have a chance to rebuild a free and Christian nation.

SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.

THOMAS BARRY.

PAYMENT FOR ARTICLES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Catholics are urged to support Catholic literature as one of the strongest bulwarks of the Church. Catholics are also strongly urged to employ their literary talents to aid the Catholic press and good literature in general.

The appropriateness and utility of these proposals should be evident to every Catholic who values his faith and who aims at the regeneration of a neo-pagan society. But there is one particular evil in this matter which, to my mind, ought to be corrected. I refer to the practice of some Catholic publications which pay for accepted material only when published. To my mind, this is an injustice. If an editor accepts an article, poem, etc., he deems it worthy of being published in his paper or magazine. Why wait until the article is published before making payment? There may be delays before publication, sometimes very long delays. I know of more than one instance where the delay was over two years. Meanwhile, what is the Catholic writer to do before he receives payment for an accepted article? He has to eat. He cannot send his article to another editor, though he is tempted to do so. If several articles are accepted and the editors pay on publication only, the poor writer must be supported by his family, or go on relief, if he has no other source of income. This is not the way to encourage talented writers to contribute toward the up-building of the Catholic press. Social justice should be practiced in the Church as well as preached.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SCRIPTOR

Good Books



Good Friends

By KATHERINE FOX

DICTATORS dictate, invaders are staunchly and heroically driven back, beleaguered countries waver and fall, but in this best of all countries, life goes on much the same. In this best of all countries, our children, thank God, are neither huddled in air-raid shelters, nor regimented to such a degree that they are no longer our own. Our children are free, free to be happy, to enjoy life as it should be enjoyed, to play, to study, and to read.

Ah, to read . . . !

Fortunate young Americans!

This year over eight hundred new titles of books for children have come from the publishers. Eight hundred is a large number. Most of them we would gladly place in a child's hand, almost without glancing at them, for we know well what rigid demands and high standards of children's editors these books must have met in order to have completed the metamorphosis from manuscript to bound volume, complete with gay jacket.

Children's literature is no longer considered in the light of potboilers; it outgrew that stage years ago. In fact, it has been said by one quite unbiased, one who is familiar with the tremendous stream of current adult writing, as well as children's, that we (that means all of us who are vitally, actively interested), get the very cream of the book crop. We get the finest writers, the cleverest illustrators, the most talented designers of books, who take care of their physical appearance, and cer-

tainly the most discerning and sympathetic editors.

Yes, indeed, children's books are something to conjure with, these days.

We have the books; more than eight hundred strong were added to the ranks this past year. The children are here, free from burdens of horror and sorrow, unlike many of their young contemporaries today. Free to read and enjoy books, free to make friends, lifelong friends, with their books. What a fine choice has been made for a slogan for Children's Book Week: "Good Books—Good Friends"!

A story comes to mind that was told of the late steel master and many times millionaire, Charles W. Schwab. A newspaper man was interviewing him, and, as they were seated in his magnificent library, lined with first editions and valuable folios, the conversation quite naturally turned to books and book collecting.

Mr. Schwab strode over to one of the cases, and took out a slim, worn volume, which had been tucked in between more pretentious ones.

"Now here is a book!" said this important man. "I've never forgotten it, and I never get tired reading it; although," he added, "I know it by heart!"

Definitely Mr. Schwab and *Black Beauty* were friends—for that was the name of the book—and had been friends down through the years.

Books are not only companions and friends of the moment, but

friends of a lifetime. We owe it to our children to bring these friends into their presence; to help them get acquainted, for quite definitely, they need to be helped.

For, far from the war zone though we may be, there is an insidious fifth column at work here. It cannot generally be recognized as such, for no parent would willingly and knowingly allow it to undermine every good reading habit his child possesses, or, very possibly, we might add *possessed*. Unbelievable harm has been done already, not alone by the vapid, puerile, "half-baked" humor-with-a-question-mark, but by ruining a child for real reading. That sounds ominous, and a bit hysterical, but it is all too true.

We refer, of course, to the *Blitzkrieg* of the so-called "funny" books that descended upon us several years ago, and since that time has been steadily and stealthily at work, destroying for all time a child's heritage and birthright—the ability to make good books good friends.

The Pro Parvulis Book Club is doing something positive and tangible in bringing the need and necessity of good books, real books, before parents, friends, and relations of youngsters, and helping to choose books that will satisfy this need.

There is no better time to start something worthwhile than now, and as now happens to be Christmas time, it is really nothing short of ideal, for books make the best of presents.

And now for some concrete sug-

gestions for rounding out jovial old Santa Claus' pack, we have chosen some titles and have grouped them rather generally, as reading ages differ tremendously. When in doubt about age suitability, it is perhaps safer to choose a book a bit in advance of your youngster's taste. Picture books and repetitious tales that are really funny are thoroughly enjoyed by all youngsters up to the time that deadly age of sophistication sets in—perhaps at thirteen. But big brother and big sister prefer to borrow them from their small relations, and would doubtless sneer at them as presents for themselves!

However, there are fine books for all, from little sister up to big brother, and for every age and taste between.

WHEN WE ARE VERY YOUNG

CLOTH BOOK 3 and 4, by Leonard Weisgard & Glen Rounds
Holiday House \$1.00
Gay, tough and luscious!
LITTLE PRAYERS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
St. Anthony Guild Press
Lovely little ejaculations from the Raccolla.

FOR THOSE WHO LOOK AND LISTEN

BROWN THE BEAR, by Samivel
Frederick Warne & Co., Inc. \$2.00
What a bear! Children love him.
PEPPER MOON, by Esther Wood
Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00
All about a roguish and adventurous little Chinese boy.
HORTON HATCHES THE EGG, by Dr. Suess
Random House \$1.50
Horton's an elephant and his story is priceless.
THEY WERE STRONG AND GOOD, by Robert Lawson
Viking Press \$1.50
A fine idea, interestingly presented . . . there's a story in every family album.
AMELIARANNE KEEPS SCHOOL, Howard & Pearce
David McKay Co. \$1.00
Do you know this little English girl? She's a ranking favorite.
FIVE LITTLE SCAMPS, by Donn Crane
Albert Whitman Co. \$1.25
Five rascals, and a great many other animals—for your little scamps!
SNIFFY, The Story of a Skunk, by David M. Stearns
Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. \$1.00
Even if you don't like skunks, it's a dandy!
TITO, The Pig of Guatemala, by Charlotte Jackson
Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00
A real story, gaily pictured.
THE CROOKED MAN, by Emily Barto
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BOOKS

Queen Elizabeth

By THEODORE MAYNARD

As biography is still quite the vogue, it is not surprising that Queen Elizabeth of England should be selected for special study. Theodore Maynard makes a gallant attempt to portray the real character of the turbulent, enigmatic Bess, the daughter of Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn, who sat on the English throne for half a century and laid the foundation of modern England. From a worldly viewpoint, hers was one of the most successful reigns in the history of crowned rulers. She accomplished all that she ever set out to do; hers was a career that shows not a major defeat. Although branded as illegitimate by her father, she nevertheless ascended the English throne, in spite of the royal edict that sought to debar her, and there played a game of politics that more than matched the machinations of her rivals at home and abroad. Her success has been attributed to various causes by historians. Some have credited it to her own superior genius; others to the ability and craftiness of her ministers of state. Mr. Maynard takes the position that it must be attributed to a combination of the two, and by a broad, sympathetic study of his subject has brought us to as close an understanding of her as we can well hope to attain.

This biography will prove of keen interest, as it brings to light the subtle forces that were at work to destroy the ancient Catholic Faith in the England of Elizabeth's day and following. It is all the story of a willful, shrewd, unscrupulous woman, in very truth a crowned Becky Sharp, who toyed with the affection, the fidelity, the conscience, and the destiny of her people to satisfy personal ambition and intrigue.

The student of this period of history will find Mr. Maynard's study necessary reading.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$4.00

The Borgia Pope— Alexander VI

By ORESTES FERRARA

Pope Alexander VI and the Borgias generally have been regarded for centuries as the synonym of vice and debauchery. No accusation, no matter how foul, has been considered too unlikely when attributed to them. Even serious Catholic historians have maintained that Alexander's moral character is indefensible.

But what are the facts? "The history of Alexander VI," says the author, "as it has reached us, in a tissue of inaccuracies, extraordinarily easy to disprove the moment recourse is had to contemporary documents in a spirit of sane criticism." Professional students of history will rightly regard as rather optimistic the opinion that it is "extraordinarily easy" to disprove the many accusations against Alexander VI, but when they read this defense they will agree that it is well done.

Mr. Ferrara makes the wise observation that "there are proportions in evil as well as in good, and we must preserve them if our judgment is to be just." He makes out a good case against the charge that Alexander obtained the papacy through simony, and in regard to his relations with women holds that it is "extraordinarily difficult to affirm anything with absolute certainty," which appears to contradict his previous assertion. He also stresses two things which, he claims, are the foundation of most of the antagonism toward Pope Alexander on the part of contemporary writers: his Spanish birth, and especially his resolution to curb the power of secular princes and powerful houses. This latter point will undoubtedly explain a lot.

It is difficult to compress this defense because it covers such a wide field and involves so many persons, but a good idea of it is had in the sentence: "If the history of great men is to be written, not according to their achievements, but according

to the gossip that has gathered around their name, then in all history no one will be found worthy of respect."

This is a serious work, argued in a forthright manner, and based chiefly on a detailed study of documents in the Venetian Archives. It is the more extraordinary because its author is an acknowledged freethinker. Whether or not it is the last word—and we fear that it is not—it deserves to be read by all who are interested in getting at the truth. It would have made it easier for the reader had he summarized his conclusions at the end of each chapter, or at least at the end of the book.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.50

Whither Europe?

By ARNOLD LUNN

"I am looking for a good, honest book which will properly inform me about the European situation," I was told by a college student. "I want a book which will give me first-hand information on the war, its causes, the nations involved, the present status of the conquered nations, the condition and opinions of the people in their respective countries, and whether they are for or against the Dictators."

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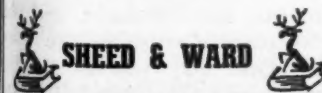
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up to your high demands is *Whither Europe?*, a new book by a very competent author, Arnold Lunn.

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Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00

The Jesuit in Focus

By JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

In twenty-six interesting chapters Father Daly tells us a great many things about the Society of Jesus. He is chiefly concerned with telling the truth about those things most often misunderstood about the Jesuits, of putting in focus the blurred and spurious images that misrepresent them. He explains the spirit that inspired the Constitution and Rules of the Society and interprets the Spiritual Exercises that are so important in forming that spirit. He then proceeds to show how the spirit of the Jesuit is manifested in the lives of the members of the Society. Other subjects he discusses are the persecution and suppression, the treatment of the Society by historians, the books of ex-Jesuits, etc.

The book is very well written in a graceful, easy style. The subject matter is most interesting, and the author's presentation is all that could be desired.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.25

From Many Lands

By LOUIS ADAMIC

From Many Lands is made up of absorbing stories of various races that have emigrated to America in the past century. There is the tale of Manda Evanich, who came to Michigan from Croatia, raised her twelve sons to be solid American citizens, prominent in politics, law, and industry. There is the tale of the Japanese boy, born in this country, and his troubles in becoming oriented in a world that could not see him as an American. The German-Jewish Steinbergers, the Karas family from Bohemia, Finns, Greeks, Armenians, Slovaks, Hollanders, Mexicans, wander through the pages of Mr. Adamic's engrossing survey of the various cultures that have made our country what it is today, and

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If you just want to be thanked politely, almost any book will do for a Christmas present. But if you want your friends to read and enjoy the books you give them, here are our latest suggestions.

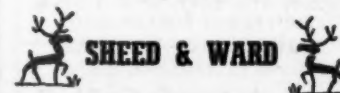
For people with a time-sense: **THE BORGIA POPE** by Orestes Ferrara (\$3.50) is "a most extraordinary and important book" (*New York Sun*); **EUROPE AND THE GERMAN QUESTION** by F. W. Foerster (\$3.50) "is as important for a sound interpretation of world events as is *Mein Kampf*" (Lewis Mumford); and **MOSCOW 1979** (\$2.50), a novel by Erik and Christiane von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, is "a hideously credible . . . convincing painting of the society to which pure materialism leads" (*New York Herald Tribune*).

For those with a word-sense: Hilaire Belloc's new book of essays, **THE SILENCE OF THE SEA** (\$2.50) is his first book of general essays in a dozen years. Alfred Noyes's **PAGEANT OF LETTERS** (\$2.50) makes a delightful and living whole of English literature from Chaucer to Alice Meynell; and **WORD-HOARD** by Margaret Williams (illustrated, \$4.00) presents the glories of Old English Literature in a book so beautifully designed and illustrated that a non-reader will love it for its looks alone, while a reader can lose himself in it for weeks.

For those with a spiritual sense: **ESSAYS AND VERSES** by Russell Wilbur (\$1.75), is religious writing with all the effects of electricity—heat, light, and sometimes shock; and **OUR LADY OF WISDOM** by Maurice Zundel is a joy to the soul for its text and to the eyes for its reproductions of five medieval masterpieces (illustrated, \$1.50).

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Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.50

Embezzled Heaven

By FRANZ WERFEL

This is one of those occasional books of the classic stripe which stand out distinctively amid the welter of ordinary productions. One might say that it can stand up proudly between book-ends.

With such an unpromising theme as the life history in retrospect of an old Bohemian housemaid, the author has written a novel of extraordinary merit and workmanship. The plot is unique and the characterization of old Teta Linek is done with consummate artistry. He searches every nook and cranny of her soul and reveals with rare subtlety her deep religious spirit. The story is inherently religious and Catholic in tone.

Embezzled Heaven has been chosen as the "Book of the Month" for December and should have a wide sale. Franz Werfel is to be commended for this exceptional contribution to contemporary writing.

The Viking Press, New York. \$2.50

Word-Hoard

By MARGARET WILLIAMS

The strange title of this book accurately describes its contents, for it is a "word-treasure," not in the sense of a dictionary but as an anthology of Old English Literature.

Few moderns, excluding the scholars, are aware of the rich storehouse of thought which is hidden under the rugged, and to the uninitiate, unintelligible Anglo-Saxon language. Margaret Williams has mined this rich lode and has given to her readers the pure gold of her findings.

This is the literature of the Ages of Faith in England up to the Norman Conquest. It is predominantly

religious—Catholic to the core. And it is surprisingly modern in drift, for the teachings of the Church never vary, and the Catholic thought of those far-off days was substantially the same as now. As we read the writings of those literary giants of old—Bede, Caedmon, Alfred, and Cynewulf—or ponder over the sublime *Dream of the Rood*, we are profoundly stirred in much the same way as the blind Milton when Junius read to him the ringing words of Caedmon's description of the Fall of Satan, which, it is believed, inspired the lofty cadences of *Paradise Lost*.

Word-Hoard is not a technical textbook for students, but a readable, inspiring treasury of thought for those who esteem the classics. It will prove to be a positive revelation and delight for those who are unfamiliar with our Old English Literature.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$4.00

Pageant of Letters

By ALFRED NOYES

A unique book by this great English man of letters. One always looks for something new and stimulating when Noyes takes to the pen. He has ranged far and wide in the literary field, in philosophy, and in apologetics. But here he returns to his first love and reviews the long and glorious pageant of English Literature.

That peculiar critical gift of Noyes—it has been called the Noyesque touch—finds its element in this work. The parrottings of many past and present-day literary critics irk him. Mere surface plowing of a rich and inexhaustible field. With exquisite literary grace he "debunks" this type of critic and then digs deeply himself to unearth new and fascinating treasure.

As usual, he has something new to say even about so thoroughly a discussed subject as English Literature. In the piercing light of his criticism, Bacon is exploded; Marlow's "mighty line" adjusts itself; Dickens becomes modern; a new opalescence appears in Shakespeare; Shelley and Swinburne are vindicated, and one or two obscure artists receive "stardom." One may not agree with Noyes' every finding, but he does intrigue and stimulate. And the essays are superb prose.

The lover of English Literature

would relish *Pageant of Letters* as a Christmas remembrance. The teacher surely will move a book or two to accommodate it on the "needed reference" shelf.

Shed & Ward, New York. \$2.50

Yankee Reporter

By S. BURTON HEATH

The autobiography of a newspaper reporter is usually interesting. This one is particularly interesting because of the activities of the reporter. S. Burton Heath has been in recent years on the *New York World-Telegram* and has devoted himself chiefly to expositions of misconduct in those holding positions of public trust.

The first few chapters concern the author's early personal history, his boyhood in Vermont, his war experiences, and his work on a country paper. From Vermont he came to New York, eventually becoming a special staff writer on the *New York World-Telegram*. The parts of the book dealing with his various investigations and disclosures will most interest the reader. He engaged in several political campaigns, particularly that which resulted in the first election of La Guardia as Mayor of New York City. He helped Dewey expose the racketeers, was active in the exposure of Hines, Judge Mantion, and many other notables.

Aside from the author's very high appreciation of his own abilities, the book will easily hold the reader's attention. The things Heath talks about are sometimes startling and they are told frankly and with directness. Political and business leaders are met on nearly every page. The author's style is lively and dramatic and his story should find a large audience.

W. H. Funk, Inc., New York. \$3.00

The Silence of the Sea

By HILAIRE BELLOC

The great mystery of Hilaire Belloc is his amazing versatility. Although his forte is undoubtedly history, he has written in almost all of the departments of English from simple essay prose to poetry, and is adept in all of them. He has written much that is mediocre, as do all prolific writers, but the greater part of his output is solid stuff and has the stamp of genius upon it.

It is over twelve years since Belloc has published a book of essays. *The Silence of the Sea* will be heartily

received by those who enjoyed his previous essays. Here the master of polemics, the warrior of the Faith, puts aside his armor for a time and quietly muses over the beauty of God's creation, the literary world, and random thoughts.

In the contemporary field of the essay, Belloc is unquestionably in the first ranks. We find in his essay style characteristics which hark back to the masters of this literary vehicle—some of the aphoristic traits of Bacon, the polish of Addison, the intimacy of Lamb, and the animation of Hazlitt. As Joyce Kilmer once said: "His exquisite brief essays are contemporary classics."

Shed & Ward, New York. \$2.50

SHORTER NOTES

NEW MEXICO TRIPTYCH

By FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ

Here we have a quaint, fanciful, threefold picture of the early Southwest Spanish-American natives, beautifully presented in poetic prose. The author, who has been referred to as "one of the great hopes of Catholic poetry," is singularly prepared to interpret the inmost feelings and aspirations of a people, whose culture is so different from our own. He is a Franciscan Padre and a native of the Southwest.

New Mexico Triptych is a slender volume, beautifully gotten up. Its appearance is in harmony with its contents. The themes are sacred—the Nativity, the Crucifixion and the Madonna—and are treated in a surprisingly different way. The style is colorful, and yet delightfully simple; the thought is sublime. The Triptych must be read with reverence, and it leaves feelings of admiration. Any lover of smooth, rhythmical writing will read this volume not only once, but many times.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.25

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY

By ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN

Translated by DANIEL J. SULLIVAN, M.A.

The divine inspiration which has now for a number of years been manifest in the Church regarding a renewal of devotion to the Most Blessed Trinity prompted the author to reduce to popular language the most profound mystery in Christian dogma. Belief in the Blessed Trinity so envelops the Christian life, as the author cogently proves in the chapter entitled "The Trinity in Christian Life," that we can truthfully say

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

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The work lays no claim to being one of original research but is, rather,

a brief coordination of the conclusions of recognized scholars. It is very well written, thoroughly Catholic in outlook, and should be well received by all who have an interest in papal history. Study clubs will find it a very practical book, with the bibliographical note a good guide to further study.

The Macmillan Co., New York. **\$1.00**

MOTHER ELIZABETH ANN SETON

By MARY COYLE O'NEIL

This is a very attractive little book, interesting and informative, full of pictures, and bound in blue, with blue decorations for the chapter heads and picture titles. It comes as near as a grown-up book could be to one which could be put in the hands of school children, and is the first book on Mother Seton which could be adapted to such a purpose. The often-told story is simply related here, with no attempt to embroider or to enlarge. To a great extent it is taken, as the foreword explains, from the large two-volume work by Madame de Barberey. It is pleasant to find a small, definitely American book built on the firm structure of Madame de Barberey's large one, but written from the viewpoint of an American.

It seems rather a pity that the frontispiece should be the harsh profile of Mother Seton which is so

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often seen. Her pictures are undeniably poor, the earlier as well as the later ones. Perhaps the best of all is the painting which was recently done and which, even though to a great extent imaginary, does seem to have the kindness and love and gaiety with which her writing and her life were filled.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.50

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By WILLARD F. KENNEDY AND
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Without a doubt, *Schoolmaster of Yesterday* will have great appeal to the lay reader as well as to the educator. It is a history of the experiences of three generations of the Kennedy family who taught in Indiana from 1820 to 1919. The trials and joys of these pioneer teachers and the obstacles confronting them and their pupils fill this book with interesting and delightful anecdotes.

Mr. Kennedy is a natural story teller; his book is full of chuckles. The customs associated with the rural schools which he describes were intriguing even if sometimes a little rough. The pranks and games played by pioneer boys and girls would rival any related of our modern students.

Mr. Kennedy's book certainly should be recommended for his easy style, his humor, his ability to tell stories, and his narration of a typical history of the struggles of education to establish itself in our country.

Whitlsey House, New York. \$2.75

REFUGEE

Translated by CLARA LEISER

Refugee is the story of two Germans who voluntarily left their country because of the persecutions they suffered under the Nazis. Elli was but a child during the first World War and Hans fought for four years in it. They suffered in the hard times after the war and were just happily married, with a young baby, when Hitler came into power. Because Hans was a pacifist he was seized by the S. A. men and sent to a concentration camp. Released after a time he was again arrested. Finally they made their escape from Germany and came to the United States.

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more lay Catholic philosophers who can prove that Catholicism and Science are not only compatible, but that Catholic thinkers know how to avoid the materialistic errors . . . which have been loosed on the world and bid fair to destroy it."

The author, a Fellow of the Geological Society of America, takes the initiative toward this end. After briefly tracing the history of Science and the attitude of the Catholic Church thereto, he brings us into his own particular field and clearly shows that there can be no disagreement between Faith and Science.

The book is abundantly docu-

mented with references to contemporary historians and scientists. It is a scholarly work which any Catholic Action or Study Club will find most helpful as a text.

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TOTAL DEFENSE

By CLARK FOREMAN and
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The facts quoted in this pair of memoranda addressed respectively to Hitler, and to the President, Congress, and the People of the United States, make interesting reading to Americans of intelligence. They can aid in the formation of better judgment anent our relations with South America.

By way of memoranda to the authors of this production, it may be well to state that Hitler and Company have not yet conquered England. It is not certain that the totalitarians will be victorious. It is far from certain that the United States will ever have to care what Hitler thinks about us. Furthermore, while it is true in the game of commerce we have not always knocked a home run every time we went to bat, and while it is true that we have lost some of the ball games during the season, we still lead the league and our average is very high indeed. We have plenty of reason to feel confident that even though the totalitarians win in Europe, we can continue to manage our economic affairs with South America in a way profitable to those countries and ourselves.

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At times the story borders on the unbelievable. It is difficult to imagine a person so perfect in practically every way as is Eunice Hale Fielding. The conception of love as exemplified in the lives of Eunice Hale and Francis Fielding is a bit difficult to accept. There are parts of the book that we would not like to have read by any young Catholic girl or boy. It is too bad that Mrs. Keyes seems to favor or sponsor a double standard of morality.

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REV. HAROLD J. MCAULIFFE, S.J.,
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My Jesus, my Redeemer, my Judge! I implore Thee both now and for the time to come to glorify Thy mercy over me. Grant that the little span of life that remains to me may be wholly employed in loving Thee with all the power of my mind and heart; and thus at the hour of death I shall be enabled, to Thy glory and to my eternal joy, to exclaim "*Consummatum est*!" All is finished. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have tried to love Thee—and the end of all is Thy love. Thou hast died for love of me. I wish also, my beloved Redeemer, to die for love of Thee. Help me by Thy grace, that I may love Thee in life, in death, and throughout eternity in heaven.

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For the Month of November 1940

Masses Said	52
Masses Heard	7,936
Holy Communions	5,874
Visits to B. Sacrament	64,170
Spiritual Communions	108,445
Benediction Services	15,777
Sacrifices, Sufferings	133,450
Stations of the Cross	18,303
Visits to the Crucifix	89,347
Beads of the Five Wounds	7,480
Offerings of PP. Blood	39,430
Visits to Our Lady	34,567
Rosaries	7,846
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,179
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,465,807
Hours of Study, Reading	6,287
Hours of Labor	5,179
Acts of Kindness, Charity & Zeal	158,103
Prayers, Devotions	130,378
Hours of Silence	10,611
Various Works	26,905
Holy Hours	69

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